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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

From the Bangor Daily Gazette.

LETTER FROM THE HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The following letter from Mr. Adams, was read on the occasion of the recent celebration of West India emancipation in this city:

Asa Walker, C. A. Stackpole, and F. M. Sabine, Esqrs.—committee of correspondence of a meeting of the citizens of Bangor and its vicinity, holden on the 27th of May, 1843.

QUINCY, 4th July, 1843.

Fellow-Citizens:—I have received your letter, of the 9th ultimo, and perhaps, in answering it, my safest and most prudent course would be to express my regret, that the precarious state of my health, and particularly of my voice, would not warrant me in undertaking to deliver a public address upon any subject whatever, on the first day of next August. This answer I have been most reluctantly constrained to give to several other kind invitations to address the people on various subjects, in the course of the ensuing summer and autumn. But the occasion of which you propose to celebrate the anniversary, is viewed in lights so entirely different and opposite to each other, that it cannot be denied to have assumed both a religious and a political aspect, and this must be my apology, while returning my thanks for your friendly invitation, for frankly unfolding to you other reasons which would have dictated to me the same conclusion, even if the state of my health admitted of my compliance with it.

The extinction of SLAVERY from the face of the earth, is a problem, moral, political, religious, which at this moment rocks the foundations of human society throughout the regions of civilized man. It is, indeed, nothing more nor less than the consummation of the Christian religion. It is only as *immortal* beings that all mankind can in any sense be said to be born equal—and when the Declaration of Independence affirms as a self-evident truth, that all *men* are born equal, it is precisely the same as if the affirmation had been that all men are born with immortal souls. For, take away from man his soul, the immortal spirit that is within him, and he would be a mere tamable beast of the field, and, like others of his kind, would become the property of his tamer. Hence it is, too, that by the law of nature and of God, man can never be made the property of man. And herein consists the fallacy with which the holders of slaves often delude themselves, by assuming that the test of property is human law. The soul of one man cannot by human law be made the property of another. The owner of a slave is the owner of a living corpse; but he is not the owner of a man.

The natural equality of mankind, affirmed by the signers of the Declaration of Independence to be *held by them* as self-evident truths, was not so held by their enemies. It was not so held by the king and parliament of Great Britain. They held the reverse. They held that soveroign power was unlimitable. That the tie of allegiance bound the subject to implicit obedience, and, therefore, that the natural equality of mankind was a fable. This was THE question of the American revolutionary war. In the progress of that war, France, Spain, the United Netherlands became involved in it. The governments of France and Spain, absolute monarchies, had no sympathies with the American cause—the rights of human nature. Vergennes had plotted with Gustavus of Sweden, the revolution in Sweden, from liberty to despotism. Turgot, very shorily before the surrender of Burgoyne, but after our Declaration of Independence, had formally advised Louis the Sixteenth, that it was for the *interest* of France and Spain, that the insurrection in the Anglo-American colonies should be *suppressed*. France and Spain had been *warned* of the remote consequences to them *as owners of colonies*, of the success of the Anglo-Americans. But neither Turgot nor Vergennes, nor any one European or American statesman of that age, foresaw or imagined what would be the consequence, by no means remote, upon their own governments at home, of the dismemberment of the British empire, and the triumphant establishment, by a seven years' war on the continent of North America, of an Anglo-Saxon confederate nation, on the foundation of the natural equality of mankind, and the inalienable rights of man. After Louis the Sixteenth lost his crown, he remembered, and bitterly repented the part he had taken on the side of the natural equality of mankind, and the rights of human nature in the American revolutionary war. For the revolution in France, by which he lost his throne and his life, was another fruit of the same self-evident truth, that all men are born equal, and have a RIGHT to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, *without infringing* upon the same right of all other men.

Until the day of the Declaration of Independence, the condition of slavery was recognized as lawful in *all* the English colonies. The constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, established three years after the Declaration of Independence, adopted its self-evident truths, and the judges of the Supreme Court of the commonwealth, under that constitution, judicially decided that slavery within the commonwealth was thereby *ipso facto* abolished. Since that day, there has not been a slave within the State.

The author of the Declaration of Independence was a slaveholder. His self-evident truths taught him that slaveholding was an outrage upon the natural rights of mankind, at least as great as parliamentary taxation without representation. He held that opinion to his dying day. He introduced it into his draught of the Declaration of Independence itself, imputing the existence of slavery in Virginia, to George the Third, as one of the crimes which proved him to be a tyrant, unfit to rule over a free people.

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, there were at least twenty slaveholders—or probably, thirty. They could not stomach the application of the self-evident truths to themselves, and they lopped it off as an unsightly excrescence upon the tree of Liberty. But his grandson and executor has carefully preserved it in the double form of print and facsimile, in the edition which he has published of his writings, and there it stands, an unanswerable testimonial to posterity, that in the roll of American abolitionists, first and foremost, after the name of George Washington, is that of *Thomas Jefferson*.

The result of the North American revolutionary war had prepared the minds of the people of the British islands to contemplate with calm composure the new principle engrafted upon the association of the civilized race of man, the self-evident truth, the natural equality of mankind, and the rights of man. They had waged against it a cruel and disastrous war of seven years. Hundreds of thousands of valiant Britons had fallen victims—hundreds of millions of British treasure had been squandered to sustain the principle of illimitable sovereignty against the principle of illimitable human rights. The prize of the conflict was the liberty and the immortal soul of man. The contest was over, between Britain and her children. The Lord of hosts had decided the wager of battle. Human liberty was triumphant, and a new confederation entered upon the field of human affairs, with the Urim and Thummim of the law from Sinai, "Light and Right," inscribed upon her bosom; and upon the diadem around her brow, "Holiness to the Lord."

But while this contest had been in progress, both of intellectual conflict and of mortal combat, the same question of human right against lawless power had been started in the land of both the combatants, parties to this controversy. The question of the American revolution had been of political government in the relations of sovereign and subject.—Anthony Benezet, a native of France, settled in Pennsylvania, a member of the Society of Friends, and Granville Sharpe, an English philanthropist, at London, were at the same time blowing the bugle-horn of human liberty, and the natural equality of mankind, against the insitution of slavery practised from time immemorial by all nations, ancient and modern. There were two modes of slavery which had crept in upon the relations of mankind to one another—first, as the result of war, by the right of conquest; and secondly, by the voluntary servitude of the feudal system. They had both become odious by the silent progress of Christianity. The practice of enslaving enemies taken in war, had already ceased between Christian nations. The traffic in slaves had been denounced by the popular writers both of France and England—by Locke, Addison, and Sterne, as well as by Raynal, Rosseau, Montesquieu, and Voltaire. It was everywhere odious, but everywhere practised, till just after the close of the revolutionary war arose the cry for the abolition of the African slave trade. The first assault of the reformers was upon the trade which was prosecuted with such atrocious cruelty that the mere narrative of its ordinary details excited disgust and horror.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

saith Shakspeare; and "in the day of adversity, *consider*," saith yet higher authority. In the summer of 1783, when the results of the revolutionary war presented themselves to the people of the British islands, in the darkest form of adversity, they had, and they improved the opportunity, of considering the principle for which, and the principles against which, they had so obstinately and fiercely contended. Their warfare had been against the self-evident truth of human rights. Thomas Clarkson, a member of the Society of Friends,* with two or three other Englishmen, associated themselves together with the purpose of arraying the *power* of the British empire for the total abolition of slavery throughout the earth; and the commission with which they went forth to regenerate the race of man by leading captivity captive, was the same identical, self-evident truth against which Britain had just closed her relentless war, in humiliation and defeat. She was now to make the identical principle the inscription upon her banners—to war against *slavery* for the natural rights of mankind, and to proclaim the jubilee shout of *liberty* throughout the land—throughout the globe.

Of that undertaking, Clarkson himself has written the history. He has shown in what small beginnings it commenced, by what slow and almost imperceptible progress it advanced; by what interests, prejudices, and passions, it was perpetually obstructed. How many years it was before it could obtain admission to the hall of legislation in the British house of commons. How, in the meantime, it had been silently making its way to the hearts of the British people. How many struggles of argument and of eloquence it had to encounter, before it could lay prostrate all opposition at its feet; and how this emanation of the Christian faith, after waiting eighteen hundred years for its development, came down at last like a mighty flood, and is even now under the red cross of St. George, overflowing from the white cliffs of Albion, and sweeping the slave trade and slavery from the face of the terraqueous globe.

People of that renowned island! children of the land of our forefathers, proceed, proceed in this glorious career, till the whole earth shall be redeemed from the greatest curse that ever has afflicted the human race—proceed, until millions upon millions of your brethren of the human race, restored to the rights with which they were endowed by your and their Creator, but of which they have been robbed by ruffians of their own race, shall send their choral shouts of redemption to the skies in blessings upon your names. Oh! with what pungent mortification and shame must I confess, that in the transcendant glories of that day, our names will not be associated with yours! May Heaven in mercy grant that we may be spared the deeper damnation of seeing our names recorded, not among the liberators, but with the oppressors of mankind.

Fellow-citizens! the first impulse of the regeneration of human liberty came from us—the Fourth of July is our anniversary day. Then was the principle proclaimed to the world as that which was to be the vital spark of our existence as a community among the nations of the earth. This is the brightness of our glory, and of this we cannot be bereaved. But how can we presume to share in the festivities and unite in the songs of triumph of the first of August? Have we emancipated our slaves? Have we mulcted ourselves in a hundred millions of dollars, to persuade and prevail upon the manstealer to relinquish his grasp upon his prey? Have we encompassed sea and land, and sounded the clarion of freedom to the four ends of Heaven, to break the chain of slavery in the four quarters of the earth? Has the unction of our eloquence moved the bowels of compassion of the holy pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church to give his commands to his Christian flock against slavery and the slave trade?—Have we softened the heart of the fiery Mussulman of Tunis, the follower of the war-denouncing prophet of Mecca, to proclaim liberty throughout his land? Are *we* carrying into Hindostan the inexpressible blessings of emancipation? Are *we* bursting open the everlasting gates, and overleaping the walls of China, to introduce into that benighted empire in one concentrated sunbeam, the light of civil and of Christian liberty? Oh, no, my countrymen! No! nothing of all this! Instead of all this, are *we* not suffering our own hands to be manacled, and our own feet to be fettered, with the chains of slavery? Is it not enough to be told that by a fraudulent perversion of language in the Constitution of the United States, we have falsified the Constitution itself, by admitting into both the legislative and executive departments of the government, an overwhelming representation of one species of *property* to the exclusion of all others—and that, the odious property in slaves?

Is it not enough, that by this exclusive privilege of property representation confined to one section of the country, an irresistible ascendency in the action of the general government has been secured, not indeed to that section, but to an oligarchy of slaveholders in that section—to the cruel oppression of the poor in that same section itself? Is it not enough that by the operation of this radical iniquity in the organization of the government, an immense disproportion of all offices, from the highest to the lowest, civil, military, naval, executive, and judicial, are held by slaveholders? Have we not seen the sacred right of petition, totally suppressed for the people of the free States, during a succession of years; and is it not yet inexorably suppressed? Have we not seen for the last twenty years, the constitution and solemn treaties with foreign nations, trampled on by cruel oppression and lawless imprisoment of colored mariners in the southern States, in cold-blooded defiance of a solemn adjudication by a southern judge in the circuit court of the Union? And is this not enough? Have not the people of the free States been required to renounce for their citizens the right of habeas corpus and trial by jury, and to coerce that base surrender of the only practical security to all personal rights? Have not the slave breeders, by State legislation, subjected to fine and imprisonment, the colored citizens of the free States, for merely coming within their jurisdiction? Have we not tamely submitted, for years, to the daily violation of the freedom of the post-office and the press, by a committee of seal-breakers: and have we not seen a sworn post-master general formally avow, that though he could not license this cut-purse protection of the peculiar institution, the perpetrators of this highway robbery must justify themselves by the plea of necessity? And has the pillory or the penitentiary been the reward of that postmaster general? Have we not seen printing presses destroyed—halls erected for the promotion of human freedom, levelled with the dust, and consumed by fire, and wanton, unprovoked murder perpetrated with impunity, by slave-mongers? Have we not seen human beings, made in the likeness of God, and endowed with immortal souls, burnt at the stake, not for their offenses, but for their color? Are not the journals of our senate, disgraced by resolutions calling for *war*, to indemnify the slave pirates of the Enterprise and the Creole, for the self-emancipation of their slaves, and to inflict vengeance, by a death of torture, upon the heroic self-deliverance of Madison Washington? Have we not been fifteen years plotting rebellion against our neighbor republic of Mexico, for abolishing slavery throughout all her provinces? Have we not aided and abetted one of her provinces in insurrection against her for that cause? And have we not invaded openly, and sword in hand, another of her provinces, and all to effect her dismemberment, and to add ten more slave States to our confederacy? Has the cry of war for the conquest of Mexico, for the expansion of re-instituted slavery, for the robbery of priests, and the plunder of religious establishments, yet subsided? Have the pettifogging, hair-splitting, nonsensical, and yet inflammatory bickerings about the right of search, pandering to the thirst for revenge in France, panting for war, to prostrate the disputed title of her being—has the sound of this war-trumpet yet faded away upon our ears? Has the supreme and unparalleled absurdity of stipulating by treaty, to keep a squadron of eighty guns for five years, without intermission, upon the coast of Africa, to suppress the African slave trade, and at the same time denying, at the point of the bayonet, the right of that squadron to board or examine any slaver, all but sinking under a cargo of victims, if she but hoist a foreign flag—has this diplomatic bone been yet picked clean? Or is our *indirect* participation in the African slave trade to be protected at whatever expense of blood and treasure? Is the supreme executive chief of this commonwealth, yet to speak not for himself, but for the whole people, and pledge *them* to shoulder their muskets, and to endorse their knapsacks against the fanatical, non-resistant abolitionists, whenever the overseers may please to raise the bloody flag, with the swindling watchword of the UNION? O! my friends! I have not the heart to join in the festivity on the first of August, the British anniversary of disenthralled humanity, while all this, and infinitely more that I could tell—but that I would spare the blushes of my country—weigh down my spirits, with the uncertainty, sinking into my grave as I am, whether she is doomed to be numbered among the first liberators or the last oppressors of the race of immortal man.

Let the long trodden-down African, restored by the cheering voice, and Christian hand of Britain, to the primitive right and condition of manhood, clap his hands and shout for joy on the anniversary of the first of August. Let the lordly Briton strip off much of his pride on other days of the year, and reserve it all for the pride of conscious beneficence on that day. What lover of classical learning can read the account in Livy or in Plutarch, of the restoration to freedom of the Grecian cities by the Roman consul Flaminius, without feeling his bosom heave, and his blood flow cheerfully in his veins? The heart leaps with sympathy when we read, that on the first proclamation by the herald, the immense assembled multitude in the tumult of astonishment and joy, could scarcely believe their own ears—that they called back the herald, and made him repeat the proclamation, and then—"*Tum ab certo jam gaudio tantus cum clamore plausus est ortus, totiesque repetitus, ut facile appareret, nihil omnium bonorum multitudini gratius quam libertatem esse.* Then rang the welkin with long and redoubled shouts of exultation, clearly proving that of all the enjoyments accessible to the hearts of men, nothing is so delightful to them as liberty." Upwards of two thousand years have revolved since that day, and the first of August is to the Briton of this age, what the day of the proclamation of Flaminius was to the ancient Roman. Yes—let them celebrate the first of August as the day to them of deliverance and of glory—and leave to us the pleasant employment of commenting upon their motives, of devising means to shelter the African slave from their search, and of squandering millions to support, on a pestilential coast, a squadron of the stripes and stars, with instructions sooner to seuttle their ships, than to molest the pirate slaver who shall make his flag-staff the herald of a lie.

Apologizing to you, gentlemen, for the length of this letter, I will close it with an ejaculation to Heaven, that *you* may live to substitute for the first of August, the day when *slavery* shall be proclaimed a word without a meaning in all the languages of the earth, and when the power of emancipation shall be extinguished in universal freedom. To share in the jubilant chorus of that day, if my voice could burst from the cerements of the tomb, it should be to shout hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! let the earth rejoice and be glad!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

*This is a mistake. Clarkson never joined the Quakers.

THE ADDRESS OF THE GENERAL ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, HELD IN LONDON.

From the 13th to the 22d June, inclusive, 1843.

To the Christian professors of every denomination in America, and in all other countries where the influence of slavery exists:

DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN—Under a deep sense of the duties and responsibilities which, as professing Christians, devolve upon us, we affectionately address you on the momentous subject of slavery; to promote the immediate and universal abolition of which, we are now assembled in convention.

To attempt to prove, in these days of light and knowledge, that the institution of slavery, with all its foul and evil influences on the oppressor and the oppressed, is a most unjust and cruel outrage on the inalienable rights of humanity, and the sanction of it a flagrant violation of the precepts of the gospel, would be little less than an insult to the understandings and feelings of Christian professors of any country, or of any name. If there are, however, among the professed followers of the merciful Redeemer, those whose eyes may be so far blinded, or their consciences so far seared by interest or ignorance, pride or prejudice, as still to sanction or uphold this unjust and sinful system, we would earnestly entreat them, not only for the sake of the suffering slave, but for their own soul's sake, to abandon at once and forever a course so hateful in the sight of Him who "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth;" and who hath given his only-begotten Son "a ransom for all," without distinction of color or of clime. We feel bound thus faithfully to warn all those professors of the Christian name who may hold, or justify the holding, of their fellow-men in bondage, in the firm and solemn belief that we shall hereafter be judged, not by the standard which our willful ignorance or interested prejudice may have induced us to adopt with secret misgivings, but by that righteous standard which our blessed Lord unalterably fixed, when he said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" a standard upon which the light of truth has now so clearly shone, as to leave every Christian professor without the shadow of an excuse for continuing or upholding the mildest system of personal slavery. In those countries, however, where Christianity is professed, but where slavery still exists, there are many who may acknowledge its cruelty and injustice, who would shrink from any active participation in its guilt, and who profess, and believe sincerely profess, to desire its speedy and entire abolition. To you, our fellow-professors of this most important class, upon whom, in America more especially, the question of the safe and speedy, or protracted and dangerous abolition of slavery greatly rests—we earnestly yet affectionately entreat you to remember, that under existing circumstances silence may be guilt, and inactivity or indifference may be sin. We would therefore beseech you, brethren, prayerfully to consider how far you are faithfully bringing the convictions of your own minds to bear on the sentiments of the community at large upon this great question. It is in vain to expect that slavery will be abolished by the government of any free country, until there has been raised against it that force of public opinion which gives the moving principle to legislation, and the executive power to law. And since each member of society, however obscure, assists in forming for good or evil this sum of public opinion, how deeply important is it that every individual in a professedly religious community should use all his influence and his energy to raise the tone of moral and religious feeling around him, to at least that Christian standard which he himself acknowledges.

In thus encouraging you to the performance of your duty as members of civil and religious society, permit us to observe that it is one thing silently to retain a sentiment in our own bosom; it is another to declare it boldly and openly to all around us; it is one thing to pass over without observation the erroneous sentiments that may be expressed in our hearing—and it is quite another thing fearlessly yet meekly to counteract such sentiments by the honest expression of our own. It is very easy to stand silent spectators of the earnest efforts of a few devoted men, struggling against fearful difficulties to obtain the end for which we may more secretly profess to be anxious; but it is not so easy, amid the prejudice of a slaveholding nation, zealously to co-operate with their arduous labors on behalf of a poor, despised, and injured people. We are not insensible to the trials of your position, discountenanced as you may be in the performance of your duty by the sneers or ill-will of the majority who surround you; but bearing in mind that it is mainly by the uncompromising performance of your individual duty, that the majority will be reduced; that you each form a link in that chain of influence which is all powerful to shatter or rivet the fetters of the enslaved; we fervently entreat you to come forth in the meekness, but in the firmness and the boldness of the Christian character, and regardless alike of the smiles or the frowns of others, endeavor to do your part towards turning the tide of national feeling in favor of the oppressed and injured slave.

It may be there are those amongst you, who, in their anxiety to discountenance what they may conceive to be the injudicious zeal or improper conduct of some who have been very active in the abolition movement, have declined to take any part themselves in this work of justice and humanity. There may be others who go still further, and hesitate not to judge and condemn, on professedly religious grounds, those who may feel conscientiously bound to the zealous and public advocacy of this righteous cause. Without attempting to judge in these matters, we will venture respectfully and kindly to express our conviction, that this state of feeling arises as much from pride and prejudice on the one hand, as from indiscretion or impropriety on the other; and that at any rate, the weakness or the violence of others can form no valid excuse for our own inactivity in a righteous cause; it ought rather to induce us to throw into every truly good and benevolent work, the protective influence of our own example. Christianity consists not in a mere profession of doctrines; it is an active and benevolent principle—a principle of love to God and man, which should ever prompt us to imitate the example of its blessed Author, whose life was devoted to relieving distress, mitigating human suffering, and bursting the physical as well as the spiritual bonds of poor suffering humanity. Oh, then, may all party feeling, all personal prejudice, all suspicion of motives, be washed away by the spring of love and charity in each individual heart; and may these springs, uniting in one mighty stream of Christian benevolence, sweep from the soil of America, and from every country of the world, the blood-stained spot of slavery. In the cheering belief that the abolition of this nefarious system is pursuing its onward course throughout the world, this convention would desire to encourage rather than rebuke, to commend rather than condemn; but we dare not conceal from you our painful conviction that in the United States of America, more particularly, the progress of emancipation has been greatly retarded, and the oppression of the free people of color greatly aggravated, by the prevalence of that unjustifiable prejudice against color to which slavery has given birth, and which is as opposed to the law of Christian love, as it is disgraceful to a people who boast of their perfect equality of civil and religious rights. We know how hard it is to withstand the influence of education, and the current of popular feeling; but we would entreat you to struggle against this baneful prejudice, and fervent are our desires that you may seek and obtain that assistance of divine grace, which alone can subdue the pride of the human heart, and enable us to consider every country as our country, and every man our brother; and especially would we call upon you to extend that care over the education of your children, as will most effectually preserve the rising generation from imbibing prejudices so inimical to social happiness, and national prosperity.

In conclusion, dear friends and brethren, fellow-professors of the Christian faith, we commend the hapless slave to your Christian sympathy and aid; and oh! if the spirit that has escaped from his toil-worn frame should meet our own at the judgment-seat of Christ, may we each in that solemn hour, when we shall need the shield of Infinite Mercy for ourselves, feelthe cheering assurance that we have done all in our power, to shield from oppression and suffering on earth, our fellow-candidates for the mercy of Heaven.

(Signed) THOMAS CLARKSON,
President of the Convention.

London, June 20, 1843.

From the Iowa Gazette, of the 8th inst.

NEWS FROM THE OREGON COMPANY.

OREGON EMIGRATION COMPANY,
Kansas river, June 3, 1843.

Dear Sir—We have now traveled 400 or 450 miles since leaving Burlington, and are in good health and fine spirits, as also are all the company. The company have organized by electing Peter Burnett, of Platte city, Mo. captain. The company have also elected a committee of nine, who are to be "cabinet advisers" for the captain. They are also to decide all questions of difference—disregard to orders—negligence of duty, &c. Although I had not reached the camp prior to the election, I was honored with an election as a member of the committee. The number of wagons now in rank are upwards of 120, and there are many others on their way here, besides the wagons and carts of Freemont's, Stewart's, and the California companies, all of which are on the march, and within two days travel of each other.

The view from the eminences in the prairie is the most delightful.

Here is a small nation emigrating some 2000 miles by land, through a wilderness, inhabited by fierce and warlike Indians, relying alone on their own exertions for defense and sustenance.

There are over 3000, and perhaps 5000 head of cattle, mules, and horses, attached to the company. Captain Applegate has over 200 head, and others over 100. This has been a bone of contention with some of the emigrants, and very nearly divided the company. Indeed, I am not certain, but it will be the means of a split yet, as there are a number without cattle, who refuse to assist in guarding them. The dissatisfaction is not quite so violent now, as the cattle owners have agreed to furnish the company with beef, (in case of a scarcity of buffalo meat,) work cattle, and milch cows, the former at a price to be fixed by the committee, and the cows and oxen without charge. The company have agreed to this proposition, and the former law limiting each individual to three head of loose cattle, is thereby repealed. The number of cattle is quite too large. It is impossible to guard them at night, and the Indians at this place, have already commenced stealing horses and killing cattle. The company which leaves next spring for Oregon should keep strict guard on their cattle and horses at the crossing of the river, as some eight or ten horses and mules have been stolen in one night from our company!

Our route, since we left the State of Missouri, has been through a beautiful rolling prairie, such as I have never seen in any of the States or territories. Indeed, I do not see how it could be beat, either in point of fertility, or beauty of scenery. There is, however, a drawback in the scarcity of timber. The roads generally, have been very fine. We will reach the buffalo country in four or five days more. A few were killed a short time since, about five miles from this place. The buffalo hunters will start out in a day or two. Dr. Whitman, from Wallawalla, who is in our company, advises that the company divide into three or four parties, for speed and convenience, as there will be no danger from the Indians.

Tell our friends to get ready and come on next spring by thousands. There is not half the difficulty from the information I can get from persons who have been there, that I apprehended before starting. The scenery and amusement are worth all the trouble. There is not a case of sickness in the camp.

From the Philanthropist.

THE FRIENDS.—ELIAS HICKS.

Dear Friend Bailey:—In the prosecution of a religious visit, into some of the counties of this State, I chanced to get access to a narrative, by the late William Savery, a distinguished minister in the Society of Friends. It was published in his journal, by order of the Society. Not having the journal now before me, I relate the facts from memory. While passing through Maryland and Virginia, on a mission of gospel love to the people, on one occasion, a poor slave was tied up and being unmercifully whipt.—Williams remarks, "I stepped forward, and commanded the man to *desist instantly*." His noble bearing awed the miscreant, and he obeyed the defenseless Quaker! *

In his comments upon the deed, Williams observes further, that at supper the *wretch asked a blessing!*

This may be taken as a commentary upon early Friends. They were not in "the quiet" when right reason urged that oppression should be rebuked, with an emphasis that surprised the hypocrite. Ah, says the objector, this is all true; no one doubts the faithfulness of our fathers, but they avoided "the mixture." They never mingled with the world in their reformatory movements. "Israel dwelt alone, and was not reckoned with the nations."

Did they really apply the word of Baalam from the altar of Baalak to *themselves*, and prefer allegiance to the first covenant which had also ordinances of divine service, a worldly sanctuary "imposed on" the Jews "until the time of reformation?" Did they really tarry at the outer court, and never comprehend the wide-spread doctrines of the Son of God, which took away the handwriting which was against us; and revealed in a vision to Peter, that God is no respecter of persons; that he that doeth righteousness is righteous? Perhaps a more distinguished master among us could not be quoted, than William Penn. In his work entitled "no cross, no crown," he says, "Alas, for that people whose principles sit so *loosely upon them*, that they are in danger of being brushed off by a contact with the world."

And in the discipline of the Indiana Yearly meeting, embracing both divisions of Friends, in allusion to our testimony against the sin of chattelizing human beings, it is said—"As a religious society, we have found it to be our indispensable duty, to declare to the world, our belief of the repugnance of slavery to the Christian religion. It therefore remains to be our continued concern, to prohibit our members from holding in bondage our fellow-men; and at present we apprehend it to be incumbent upon *every individual deeply to consider his own particular share* in this testimony.

The slow progress in the emancipation of this part of the human family, we lament, but nevertheless do not despair of their ultimate enlargement. And we desire that Friends may not suffer the deplorable condition of these, our enslaved fellow-beings, to lose its force upon their minds, through the delay which the opposition of interested men may occasion in this work of justice and mercy, but rather be animated to consider the longer the opposition remains, the greater is the necessity on the side of righteousness and benevolence for our steady perseverance in pleading their cause." I am met with interrogations like these wherever I go. Is it possible Friends are disowning such philanthropists as Isaac T. Hopper, of New-York, and Abraham Allen, of Ohio, for their participancy in the anti-slavery movement? are the canons of your church so illiberal as this? True, these dear Friends are disowned, and I was credibly informed by a member of the meeting, where the last named Friend held membership, that such an opposition was manifested, that two-thirds of the meeting, including some who were not abolitionists, (technically speaking,) opposed the measure, and yet the deed was done. But the questions are not answered. What saith the discipline in regard to the exercise of the rights of man? There it is—read, and then judge who have departed from the law and the testimony. Hold it aloft in the face of the sun. It is worthy to be written in letters of gold. I would there was moral courage, and moral worth enough to sustain it.

"Liberty of conscience being the common right of all men, and particularly essential to the well-being of religious societies, we hold it to be indispensably incumbent upon us to maintain it inviolable." In the division of Friends with which I am associated, I find many object to the anti-slavery movement, because, as they believe, its advocates do not wait for a divine illumination. The sentiments of Elias Hicks are unequivocal on this point.

"Did we enter into a close investigation of the one great principle of action—justice; we should see how far we are in the performance of our duty to our fellow-creatures."

"When our own understanding testifies to us that we are wrong, that we are unjust and unrighteous, shall we then wait for revelation? Why it would be casting an indignity upon Him, who gives us these lesser means, to convince us with the clearest demonstration. Our own common sense is a sufficient evidence, and we need not look any higher."

"Whenever we come to the knowledge of a truth, no matter by what means, it is the time for us to attend to it, and to leave off our injustice, if we are guilty of any. It is enough that we are convinced, even if it were by an inanimate thing; or even if we were brought to see, as Balaam was, by means of an ass. We have no right to look any higher, when we are convinced that anything is the truth and nothing but the truth. * * * *
Could we know it better if we should ascend into heaven? No. Not anything in heaven can make it plainer than it is. All revelation, and all that is rational, can prove no more; for our common sense proves indubitably that slavery is the most cruel and most wicked of all things. We have the most self-evident proof; and in the great day of account we dare not make the plea, and say, the Bible did not reveal it to us. The question will be, didst thou not see it by the light of reason, that was communicated to thee? Did not thy common understanding convince thee? And still thou wouldst not believe!"

"If we know slavery to be unjust, will we still wait for the Lord to tell us so? He will never do it; for he has already done it, by the means appointed for that purpose."

"Right reason is as much a gift of God, as any gift that we can receive. * * If anything will not accord with right reason, we must cast it off as antichrist."—pp. 175, 179, 180, 207.

With prayerful desire that we may keep our armor on, and never falter till the battle is turned to the gate, and the jubilee trumpet proclaims the captive's freedom, I am thine for the truth,

7th month, 5, 1843. J. DUGDALE.

*The following is extracted from William Savery's journal, and is the case here referred to. The extract is long, but I think it we'l worth perusal. I. T. H.

At a meeting at Savannah, Georgia, 5th month, 29th, 1791, William Savery says: "Crossed the Savannah river, and lodged at —— Blunts, who is a hard-hearted slaveholder. One of his lads, about fourteen, coming in from the field at dark, was ordered to go and milk the cows; and falling asleep through weariness, the master called out and ordered him a flogging. I asked him what he meant by a flogging.—He replied, the way we serve them here, is, we cut their backs until they are raw all over, and then salt them. Upon this my feelings were roused. I told him that was too bad, and queried if it were possible; he replied it was, with many curses upon the blacks. It disturbed us much, but I hoped his orders would not be obeyed. We went to supper, and this wretch craved a blessing, which I considered to be equally abhorrent to the Divine Being, as his curses.

"31st, rose in the morning, and whilst at the door musing, I heard some one begging for mercy, and also the lashes of a whip. Not knowing whence the sound came, I ran, and presently found the poor boy tied up to a post, his toes scarcely touching the ground, and a negro whipper, with five or six hazel rods lying by him. He had already cut him in an unmerciful manner, and the blood ran to his heels. I stept in between them, and ordered him untied immediately, which, with some reluctance and astonishment was done. Returning to the house, I saw the landlord, who then showed himself in his true colors, the most abominably wicked man I ever met with, full of horrid execrations and threatenings upon the northern people; but I did not spare him, which occasioned a by-stander to express, with an oath, that I should be 'popped over.'

"We left them, distressed in mind, and having a lonesome road of twelve miles to pass through, were in full expectation of their way-laying or coming after us, to put their wicked threats in execution; but the Lord restrained them. This was a day of heaviness and sorrowful reflection, and the next house we stopped at we found the same wicked spirit. We rode through many rice swamps, where the blacks are very numerous, great droves of these poor slaves, working up to their middle in water, men and women nearly naked. A peck of corn is their miserable subsistence for a week. A gloomy sadness covered them, so as scarcely to admit of the interchange of a sentiment. O Christianity and humanity, how are ye disgraced! Where will such astonishing, horrible conduct end."

From the Bangor Gazette.

SLAVERY AT THE NORTH.

We listened to a lecture from Rev. Mr. Mars, on Tuesday evening, upon the subject of slavery; in which he showed satisfactorily to many, perhaps to all of his hearers, that slavery is not confined to the South alone, in this country; that the slavery of the mind at the North, in regard to certain things, is far greater than it is at the South. The prejudice which exists against color, is stronger here than in the slave States. He related, in illustration of this, several facts, one of which we will endeavor to give, as nearly as possible, in his own words. Mr. Mars is a man of color:

"Some years since, I went to Wilmington, in the State of Delaware. When I landed upon the wharf, a person who knew me came to me and said that I must preach there on Sunday. I objected. He insisted, and I still objected. We separated. I went to my boarding-house, and he in another direction. Soon afterward, this person called upon me with two others, to obtain my consent to preach on Sunday, (the next day, we think it was,) and at length succeeded in obtaining it. After I had given an affirmative answer, they wished me to go with them.

'Go,' said I, 'where?"

'To the mayor, to get a license to preach!'

'A license to preach! I shall do no such thing.'

'But you have promised to preach, and you can't preach without a license; so you must go with us and get it.'

Rather than violate my word, I went. When the mayor learned my object in calling upon him, he set about questioning me; and after putting a great many foolish questions, with some sensible ones, he gave me a license to preach three times.

On the next day, I went to the church in the morning, and found it quite a large building, and crowded with people; and I preached to the best of my ability. After I had closed the meeting, and when I was leaving the house, a colored man addressed me—his eyes streaming with tears—as follows:

'My dear sir, do you know where you are?'

'Yes; I am in Wilmington, Delaware. Why?'

'All I can say is, pray, sir, recollect where you are!'

I suspected from this, that I might have said something to offend the people. However, I concluded that I must do my duty. In the afternoon I went to the church, and as I went in, saw the mayor, with some other gentlemen, go into the house. The thought occurred to me, here I am in a slave State, and the mayor has given me a license to preach.—He is here, and is bound to protect me, and I am bound to preach the truth—I will give the people an anti-slavery discourse. When I got up to preach, I took for my text, 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?' I had no sooner read it, than the congregation were staring at me in perfect amazement. It appeared to have electrified them completely. But I paid no regard to it; I went on and gave them a thorough abolition discourse. I could see that the slaveholders were highly incensed, but I was determined to preach whatever the Lord put into my mind. When the meeting was dismissed, the mayor came to me—his eyes flashing with fury—and said, abruptly—

'What do you mean, by preaching in this manner?'

'Have I preached anything but the truth, sir?'

'I say, what do you mean?'

'Mean, sir? I mean that I intended to preach the truth. If I have preached anything but the truth, if you will tell me what it is, I will go into the pulpit this evening and correct it.'

'I can't protect you—you must take the consequences.'

'But you are bound to protect me—you have given me a license to preach.'

'Well, I *can't* protect you; and if you wish to avoid danger, you will leave the town this afternoon.'

'You have given me a license to preach three times this day; and by God's permission I shall do it.'

When I went to the house in the evening, a great crowd was about the door, and matters wore a threatening aspect. However, I was allowed to go into the pulpit unmolested. The house was crowded with people, and I was determined to do my duty, and leave the result with God. I preached to the people upon the judgment. I set before them the awful solemnities of the great day of accounts. How all, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the good, and the bad, must on that day appear before the Great Judge of the universe, to hear their final doom. When the congregation were affected to tears by the representation, and a solemn stillness pervaded the house, I remarked that the *slaveholder* and the *slave* would also be there; and 'think you, ye slaveholder, that you will escape for the wrongs you have inflicted upon your fellow-man?'

I afterward received no molestation, though I took the same course while I remained in town, that I should if I had not preached.

I state this occurrence to show that my color was not regarded by the people; that my audience was as large, and my treatment was no different, from what it would have been had I been white."

Left Salem for Boston, and Boston for Bangor, the same day, and had a very pleasant passage in the cars to Portland; the passengers were very agreeable. A gentleman and his wife from Albany, New-York, and Mr. J. Southwick, from Boston, and Mr. Woodman, and Mr. Farless, gentlemen, from Salem, were very interesting company. Took steamboat Huntress at Portland, for Bangor. Soon after going on board, I secured my berth, No. 55, and purchased my supper ticket for 37 1-2 cents, and then was refused by the steward of the boat any supper, after waiting until all the rest of the passengers had done their suppers, unless I would go to the cook in the kitchen. This I refused to do. When men that were dirty,

suppose is the reason I had to go without my supper, after I had paid for it. I ask a feeling public if this be right? Can benevolence or humanity encourage such things, and call them right? I leave it for republicans to judge. On Saturday morning I went to the captain's office and handed back my supper ticket, and told him or his clerk that I could not get my supper, and I wanted my money, which he gave me back, and there was no more said.—Sometime in the forenoon, the cook gave me some refreshment, for which I was very thankful; and at half past 7 o'clock, A. M. we landed at the Bangor dock, and I was conducted to the Washingtonian House, kept by Mr. Elijah L. Norcross and son, and was there recognized as a *man*, and kindly treated by all his family; may Heaven reward them. Oh! when will this kind of suffering cease!

J. N. MARS, *of Salem.*

N. B. This is for the good of the traveling community. I remain yours, for God and equal rights.

J. N. M.

JULY 15, 1843.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

MR. ABBOTT'S ADDRESS.

An address, commemorative of the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies, was delivered by Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, in the First Congregational church in this town, on Sunday evening last. After noticing the manner in which the slaves manifested their joy and gratitude for the gift of freedom, by assembling in their churches with their pastors, offering prayers and thanksgiving to God, and otherwise conducting themselves peaceably and quietly, Mr. Abbott proceeded to classify his address under five general heads; in which arrangement we shall briefly notice his remarks.

The first fact which the speaker endeavored to establish was, that *immediate* emancipation is *safe*. In support of this position, he quoted from gentlemen of respectability, who had visited the islands some years after the emancipation, purposely to observe its results; and therefrom showed that the slaves conducted themselves as became men and responsible beings, feeling, as they did, that they were *freemen*, and as such, interested in the prosperity and happiness of the islands. The speaker, on this point, said, "The danger lies only in slavery. Then the smothered passions of the oppressed are ever struggling to break forth. Emancipation dispels this danger."

The second fact which this experiment proved, as maintained by Mr. A. was, that the emancipated slaves may at once become industrious and thriving laborers." The lecturer indisputably demonstrated the fact that the slave was a lover of home, wife, and child, and friends, as well as the white man; that they became industrious, skillful, energetic, and thrifty, under the incitement of wages, and with a knowledge that they were laboring for their own good. Although the wages were low, the emancipated slaves eagerly sought employment, becoming at once industrious laborers.

The third fact settled by emancipation, said Mr. A. "is, that the negroes are abundantly capable of taking care of themselves." This fact was made apparent by evidence adduced from various sources, of a most gratifying and conclusive character. It was shown that the prediction indulged in by many well-meaning persons, that the slave would be improvident and thoughtless as soon as he was made free, was entirely gratuitous. The social condition of the slave was changed; his moral and religious condition improved; his family educated, and neatly dressed; his whole mode of life bettered, and himself made happier. Under this head the proof was positive, that the negro was capable of taking care of himself, and becoming a good citizen and useful member of society without that preparation which many persons thought necessary before he could, with benefit to himself, be made a freeman.

The fourth fact established by emancipation, said the lecturer, "is, that emancipation is beneficial to the master as well as to the slave." Fears had been expressed, that if the slaves were liberated, their former owners would be reduced to beggary. The speaker proved that there was no occasion for such fears, remarking that the excuse was a most unrighteous one. It would seem that the plantations, "instead of falling into decay, have flourished with new vigor under the healthy stimulus of free labor. And the experiment has proved that the planter can cultivate cheaper, and make greater profits, when his laborers are animated by wages, than when dispirited by slavery, and driven by the lash." It appears that real estate has risen so much in price since emancipation, that without a single slave upon it, the land is as valuable now as it was, including all the slaves, before emancipation.

The fifth point to which the lecturer alluded, was the moral and religious effect of emancipation. By an extract from a gentlemen before quoted, it was shown that religion, morality, and virtue, were being properly estimated; meeting-houses have been enlarged and multiplied; and those advances made which is gratifying to the Christian and the philanthropist.

Mr. A. went on to point out the course which the slaveholders of our own country should pursue, viz: to set at liberty, at once, every slave; at the same time enacting laws which should be equally binding on the white man and the colored man. By pursuing such a course, the lecturer thought the slave and master would both be benefited.

Mr. A. spoke at some length concerning the course of many persons on the subject of slavery, and illustrated his views on this point, we thought very happily, by an ancient fable representing the north wind and the sun striving to see which could first compel the traveler to throw off his overcoat. The north wind represented the course of some of the ultras of the present day in the cause of abolition; while the sun signified those who pursue mild and more judicious measures; the sun, of course, being triumphant. The following extract from Mr. A.'s address, expresses the sentiment of very many persons in our country. We trust what is contained therein will meet that attention which it deserves:

"It is deeply to be deplored, that many of the professed friends of the slave have pursued a course which necessarily repels from all co-operation the great majority of the most intelligent, influential, and philanthropic of the community. No man who respects the institutions of religion, or the institutions of civil society, can ally himself with the present prominent actors in our towns and villages in the anti-slavery cause. Such measures an intelligent, order-loving, Christian community cannot adopt. They may deceive here and there an honest mind. They may enlist the transient zeal of the impetuous and the unreflecting. They may occasionally fan the flames, in an excitable community, of anger and clamor. But they are powerless in good, and potent in evil. We must let them alone. But we should not, on that account, let the slave alone. We should not withhold from him our sympathies and our prayers. He is our brother. He is crushed and helpless. And we must meet him at the judgment-seat of Christ."

As a whole, the lecture cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence upon the minds of those who heard it. It was calm, effective, and to the point, and displayed a thorough understanding of the subject under consideration. The house was well filled, and the audience very attentive. The usual exercises preceded and followed the address.

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

MR. ABBOTT'S ADDRESS.

"Honor to whom honor is due."

It is not my object to find fault with this production as whole. With the main body of it, I was pleased. The facts of the West India emancipation were well stated; the authorities and proofs, happily chosen; and the inferences and conclusions drawn from them, logical and just. All this part of the discourse (and it was the *principal* part,) was admirably calculated to give a just view of the whole cause; and it must have been highly interesting and gratifying to all who had not read on the subject, and were ignorant of what abolitionists are doing, and have accomplished in behalf of freedom. But in the part quoted in Wednesday's Inquirer, (which, by the way, is not given quite in the words in which it was uttered, if I rightly remember,) I think the speaker did the abolitionists or the prominent members among them, great injustice, where he says that no man who respects the institutions of religion, or of civil society, can ally himself with the prominent actors in the anti-slavery cause.

"They are powerless in good, and potent only in evil. We must let them alone." With this opinion of Mr. Abbott, I wish to contrast that of the late worthy and gifted Dr. Channing, who, though no abolitionist technically himself, (because of some theoretical views which he had about the propriety of joining in affiliated associations for moral purposes,) yet as narrowly observed them movements and knew as much about them as any other man in our country. Hear him. "I speak not from vague rumor, but from better means of knowledge, when I say that a body of men and women more blameless than the abolitionists in their various relations, or more disposed to adopt a rigid construction of the Christian precepts, cannot be found among us. Of their judiciousness and wisdom I do not speak; but I believe they yield to no party in moral worth. Their crime is—that they carry the doctrine of human equality to its full extent, that they plead vehemently for the oppressed, that they assail wrong-doing, however sanctioned by wealth, or intrenched behind power; that their zeal for human rights is without measure; that they associate themselves with the Christian philanthropists of other countries against the worst relic of barbarous times." Again, in his "remarks on slavery," letter to J. G. Birney, he says: "In the spirit of many of them (abolitionists) I see much to condemn. I utterly disapprove their sweeping denunciations. But because I see among them somewhat to fear and blame, must I shut my eyes on more which I ought to commend. Must not men of pure and lofty aims be honored because like everything human they are not free from fault? I respect the abolitionists." And again. "But, it is said, abolitionists injure a good cause. Be it so. I think they have done it harm as well as good. But is not this the course of human nature? What good cause is not harmed, and sometimes thrown back by its best friends." Such is Dr. Channing's opinion of abolitionists. It is fair. It is candid. He speaks both of the *good* and the *evil* of abolitionists; and if Mr. Abbott had done so, I should not have had a word of complaint to utter. I see the *faults* of abolitionists. I have more than once uttered my protest in their meetings against the bitter and sweeping denunciations of some of them in regard to the church and clergy. I say "*some of them*," for it is by no means the fault of *all*. In this day of light, to see in the abolitionists, or their measures, or the consequences which have grown out of them, nothing approvable—to say of them, that no man who respects the institutions of religion, or of civil society, can ally himself with them—that "they are powerless of good, and potent only in evil," betrays either an ignorance of facts, or a blindness of prejudice, whose parallel cannot often be found, and which we should expect to find, and would rather find, in any other place, than in connection with the sanctity and responsibility of the pulpit.

I believe the West India emancipation was owing very much to the efforts of the abolitionists. This is a truth which, I believe, the faithful historian will record, and hand down to posterity, just as much as I think the simple fact of emancipation itself will be preserved, and transmitted through all coming time. And in regard to the cause of emancipation in our *own* country, one might as well say, that it now stands just where it stood ten years ago,—that no progress has been made,—no change in public sentiment in regard to slavery, no deeper interest awakened in behalf of the slave, as to deny that the change has been brought about, in part at least, by the speeches, publications, and labors of the organized abolitionists. It is a truth that is written in sunbeams all around us; every one can read it, and (whatever may be thought of anti-slavery or emancipation,) a truth, which not one in a thousand would think of denying. Ask almost any one you meet, whether people do not think, and feel more deeply, and more correctly about slavery now, than they did ten years ago; and his answer, will be *yes*. Ask him, whether this change is not owing, in some measure, to the discussion of abolitionists. If he is an intelligent, candid man, his answer will be *yes*. Who has shown up the true character of that outrageous system, which is scathing the souls and bodies of thousands, and blighting the prosperity of our whole land? the abolitionists. What has broken the sleep of the country, and made thousands and thousands, in all classes, and in all places, think, and feel, and say, that there is neither righteousness nor safety in the increase, extension, or even continuance of this man-degrading, soul-crushing, heaven-daring abomination. It is the thunder-toned notes of the *abolitionists*. Against whom does the slaveholding oppressor utter his bloody menaces? To whom does the slave, in the dreary hours of his bondage, look up in the hope that the chains may yet be made to fall from his galled hands? The abolitionists. Wherever and whenever in these days, you witness the espousal of the cause of the slave, in the pulpit, or in the press, in the hall of legislation, or the market-place, in the church, or in the forum, you behold the genuine workings of the abolition enterprise. To this very influence, under God, I think we may owe even the spiritual treat with which we were regaled last Sabbath evening in the North church. We might never have heard from that quarter a testimony so full and distinct in behalf of the slave, had it not been for the sayings and doings of those against whom the caution was there uttered. "Let them alone;—they are powerless in good, and only potent in evil."

"Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Let abolitionists have their due. Some of them, it is said, are non-resistants, no-government men, disbelievers in an outward organized church and separate ministry. In *some* of these things I agree with them. So do *Friends* generally. Some are charged even with infidelity. How truly I know not. But then, I know that all this makes no part of the abolition enterprise. Some of them utter bitter denunciations. I am very sorry for it. But this does not establish either the folly or the wickedness of their *abolitionism*. Again I say, "give to Cæsar &c." As a co-adjutor and co-operator with them in the cause of the slave, I have never thought it my duty to make particular inquisition into their faith. We do not do this in other similar causes. In peace societies and temperance societies, we join with men and women of all political and religious creeds. And when a temperance lecturer, or a peace lecturer, a whig lecturer, or a democratic, appears among us, we admit him into our halls, and upon our platforms, without first inquiring in what school he was educated; or what he may think on subjects foreign to that on which he is to speak. They may be very unsound, and utter very unsound sentiments, and not in the most acceptable words too, on other subjects, for which I do not feel responsible; and which I cannot justly be charged with endorsing. Mr. Abbott does not probably always know either the political or the religious creed of those with whom he finds himself connected in moral enterprises; or if he did, and knew it to be *unsound*, would he feel in every case justified in withdrawing from their fellowship.

There is another point on which I want to say a word, and then I shall close for the present. Mr. Abbott spoke of emancipation as a great good; of slavery as a dreadful and crying sin. Yet, while he found fault with the measures of abolitionists, he did not attempt to point out any method, or recommend any course of measures by which the evil might be removed. He did, say indeed, to his hearers, they must not let the slave alone. "They must think of him, pray for him, sympathize with him, talk of him." But he uttered no strong, stirring exhortation to immediate, definite, and vigorous *action*. None at all. This I thought a great deficiency, and one much to be regretted. For other moral and religious enterprises, the missionary for instance, Christians are exhorted to *give* and to *act* as well as to pray, and sympathize, and talk. They are stirred up to form associations—to utter opinions, and to move to *action*. But for the slave, they must "pray, and *sympathize*, and *talk!*" The influence of this on the hearers will be, to *fix* them in the position, which may seem already to have taken, viz: that of quiet and immovable satisfaction, either in DOING NOTHING at all, or nothing but jeering, and finding fault with the abolitionists.

I have felt it my duty thus to point out both an error and a deficiency in this otherwise valuable dis course. If I have done it, or its respected author aught of injustice, I shall be ready on conviction, to retract to the uttermost syllable. For while advocating, I would, for no consideration, be found violating the principle, "Render under Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

C. PIERCE.

EARLY ANTI-SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

The cause in which we are engaged, is one which ennobles, dignifies, and, I had almost said, inspires all those who honestly take part in it. I can, at least, claim the privilege and honor of having been an humble laborer in it for more than thirty years. (Applause.) In 1813, in the town where I then resided, I ventured, when meetings such as these were rare, to convene a public assembly; and because no other person would do it, I took the chair; and because no other person was prepared to advocate the cause, I was the only speaker. (Laughter.) We, however, adopted a petition to parliament, which was very numerously signed; and I hope I may say that from that day to the present, I have not been a recreant. I have never seen occasion to change my opinions in reference to emancipation. (Cheers.) To labor in a cause kindred and germane to this—that of preaching the gospel of Christ, and to labor in this cause, has been my highest pleasure, and my richest reward. As long as there is work to be done, and I have ability to do it, nothing would be so painful to me as to be cashiered and prevented taking part in this benevolent enterprise. (Applause.) Till this arm is palsied and unable to act—till this heart is cold, and ceases to beat—I do hope that I shall be permitted to feel, and to act with you in this noble, generous, and glorious undertaking. (Cheers.)—*Speech of Mr. Scoles, London Convention.*

Communications.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY, ADDRESSED TO AMERICAN WIVES AND MOTHERS.

BY H. M. TRACY.

"Know ye the land where such deeds are done,
In the broad light of the blessed sun?
Where the spoiler bursts, with savage hand,
The sacred links of the household band,
And the ties of natural love are cast,
With a daring hand to the idle blast?"

LETTER III.

THE INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY UPON DOMESTIC RIGHTS.

American slavery commenced by going to Africa and stealing her unoffending inhabitants, and consigning them to perpetual bondage in a land of strangers. It stealthily took the sportive child from its mother's arms, regardless of the agony of the broken-hearted parents, and the piteous shrieks of helpless infancy.

Let me ask you, free mothers of America, what impressions would be made upon your minds, if the law written on a mother's heart were thus violated in you? Would you listen for a moment, to principles of humanity and justice from those who constantly wronged and oppressed *you?* Would not the wail of your little ones come up at each effort to convert you to the religion of your oppressors? *Could* you believe it possible for those to know anything, practically, of a great and good Spirit, who constantly encouraged the crime of manstealing, by purchasing the stolen? Would you not reject their preaching with deep indignation? Many slaves reason thus; for their degradation is not so fully effected that all natural perceptions of justice are blunted. From their own lips have I heard the withering declaration, (while the contracted brow, and firmly closed lips, gave a more full idea of the depth of their indignation than did their words,) that their "oppressors could not possibly know what truth and justice are."

The apologists of slavery often tell us, by way of extenuation, that those brought to this country, and sold into bondage, were such as had been made prisoners in war, and would have remained the slaves of barbarians, if they had not been purchased by our countrymen.—They seem to disregard the apostle's injunction, not to do evil that good may come. They also forget to state, that a great portion of these wars have been fomented by slave dealers, for the express purpose of obtaining the captives taken. But if we allow full weight to their assertion, does this lessen the slave trader's guilt? Can one wrong justify another? Is this the light that should emanate from a nation enjoying such high religious privileges? It is undoubtedly true, that the slave trade has done more than all other causes combined, to keep the nations of Africa in darkness. It is true the nations have branded it as piracy; but it is still in active operation, and will be so long as the existence of slavery keeps open a profitable market. Of this, the frequent capture of slavers within the past year, is sufficient proof.

But what must be thought of the consistency of that nation who make it piracy to steal a man from his native land, yet, when he is fairly within their borders, render it legal, nay honorable, to retain him and his posterity in utter bondage and degradation, from generation to generation. And let it be constantly borne in mind, that the domestic relations of these miserable victims of oppression are no more sacred *here*, than in the eyes of those who tore them from their native land. The same principles that originated slavery, are constantly called in requisition to sustain it. The internal slave trade is constantly sundering the heartstrings of an innumerable host, who will rise up in judgment against our guilty land.

It has been estimated that six thousand have, for a length of years, been annually transported from the single State of Virginia; and that, in most instances, without the slightest regard to family relations. What, then, must be the aggregate of misery arising from this single source! The following remarks were uttered in the course of debate in the Kentucky legislature, by Mr. Crenshaw, a slaveholder, of Barren:

"To my mind, it is astonishing that gentlemen of the fine sensibilities which I know them to possess, should have forgotten the horrid and revolting scenes to which, in days that are gone by, we have all been witnesses. The mother torn from her infant, shrieking and clinging to her neck; the tyrant negro driver scarce giving her time to bathe its cheeks in tears, or impress a frantic kiss upon its lips. She is denied even the tender farewell. The whip and thong at hand, she is hurried from its embrace, and wildly looks an everlasting farewell. All this we witnessed, while the slave trade was within our borders."

The slave has emphatically no home. The hallowed joys and tender sympathies which cluster round that cherished spot, are denied him. If, for a few years he is permitted to taste the sweets of domestic intercourse; if his wife and babes are permitted to remain with him, let it be remembered this is no part of the system of slavery. The constant dread of separation embitters his purest cup of earthly bliss, and parental hopes give place to anxious fears; for the inevitable doom of slavery awaits his offspring. He is constantly made to feel that he has no legal claim either to wife or babes. Their affection is all that he can hope to share; and often not even that, if threats, or bribes, or chastisement, can avail to sunder the ties. His hut is never secure against the intrusion of his master and his minions. His wife may be torn from him whenever the interest or pleasure of the tyrant demands. She may be brutally beaten; but it is at the peril of his life that he raises his hand in her defense, even though it were to rescue her from the grasp of the murderer. His children are the property of another. He may not exercise over them the rights of paternity, if they are likely, for a moment, to clash with the interest of those who claim them as *chattels*. No idea of moral purity and conjugal fidelity, as *duties*, may ever be inculcated by slave parents; for with moral *duties*, moral *rights* are connected. If moral purity is taught the slave, does it not involve a moral right to protect herself from outrage? The idea of a constant wife among slaves, is ridiculed by slaveholders. I have heard it from their own unblushing conversation. Again, were the inviolability of the marriage contract inculcated, slaves would naturally infer a right to be exempt from cruel separations. Indeed, the admission of this single inalienable right, would eventually overthrow the entire system.—Those who felt that there was one right, on which their oppressors might not trample, would soon learn to vindicate others; for nature is by no means slow to teach the claims of liberty. This is fully realized by slaveholders, and they therefore deem it necessary policy, to keep their slaves as low in morals, as in science. But it is truly wonderful to witness the strength with which affection alone cements the souls of thousands, who are crushed to the earth by oppression and sorrow. Indeed, companionship in suffering, and a constant dread of separation, seem to add a double vigor to the affections. Yet how ruthlessly are these trampled on by those whose business it is to traffic in human flesh! Regardless of the moral desolation that reigns in the soul, and forgetful of the measure which God has pledged himself to mete out to oppressors, they hesitate not to desecrate all the holiest affections of the heart! What American mother can listen unmoved to the piteous wail of the oppressed captive, sighing for the companionship of even one of her numerous offspring?

Perhaps, during her whole life, she is never permitted to call them around a comfortable board, and with thanksgiving, partake of the bounties of Providence.—Their coarse, and too often unwholesome meal, is snatched, as it may be, and neither comfort nor order is regarded by their overseers. Were this one of the principal wrongs of the system, we might pass it by in silence; but it is one among many of the minor privations to which slave-mothers are constantly subjected. And yet, free mothers would look upon it as a source of domestic privation of no small magnitude. Do you, who are free, feel no pleasure in toiling for the comfort of your little ones? Can you be happy, and 'still know that your child is suffering from absolute want of food and clothing? Yet how often does the slave-mother see her naked, half-starved babe cast off and neglected, because her mistress is too delicate to nurse the offspring that Heaven has committed to *her* care! Then the ridicule and abuse which her child is so often doomed to receive, while she must hide her maternal indignation beneath a forced smile, and caress the showy babe of her mistress. O, it is enough to turn the most gentle heart to gall and wormwood! I sometimes wonder that one generous feeling flows towards their oppressors? I marvel that the fierce passions of revenge and malice, can so long slumber, and ever give place to kindly affections; and that, too, while they are perpetually annoyed by beholding the ease and luxury of those whom they are compelled to serve; without the faintest hope that they shall ever be permitted to taste the joys of freedom! The slave cannot solace herself with those ennobling hopes that lighten the burdens of the poor free mother. *Her* children are not her own. She may lavish no more care upon them than her master may think for his interest; neither may they relieve her wants in sickness, nor minister to her comfort in the decline of life. They may not lighten her toil when she is weary; they may not, after spending the morning of life beneath her maternal roof, stand round her dying pillow, and catch her latest benediction. They are slaves, and have no rights: O, the desolation that reigns where God designed that pure and holy peace and love should forever abide! Says Channing, "Among the imprecations uttered by man on man, is there one more fearful, more ominous, than the sighing of a mother bereft of her child by unfeeling cupidity? If blood cry to God, surely that sigh will be heard in Heaven." What true-hearted mother will not respond a deep "Amen" to this sentiment? Do we not feel that our very nature proclaims our indisputable right to the guardianship of our little ones? Who then shall dare, in the sight of Heaven, to violate this right?

But you perhaps say, *our* rights are by no means violated. *They* are most sacredly guarded. Do you, too, deny the humanity of the slave? Do you not feel that a wrong inflicted upon one of the most degraded of the human family, is a blow aimed at all his kindred? What said our Saviour? "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

A FAITHFUL ONE DEPARTED.

POTTER'S HOLLOW, 8th mo. 14. 1843.

Friend Isaac T. Hopper:—I have the painful and melancholy duty of informing thee of the decease of our dear friend STEPHEN TREADWELL. He had been to Stanford Quarterly meeting, held at Hudson, and was on his return, on Sixth day, the 12th instant. When within about fourteen miles of his home, he complained of a severe headache. The young man who was with him, proposed going for a physician; but Stephen thought it might pass off, and advised to wait a little while. But he soon became insensible. A physician was called, who bled him, but pronounced it a case of apoplexy, and past recovery.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of Friends and neighbors, in Friends' meeting-house at Oakhill, on Second day, the 14th instant. He was about fifty years of age.

He has for many years, been one of the most zealous and eloquent of the slave's advocates, and has felt it his duty to abstain entirely from the produce of slave labor. The loss, particularly at this time, will be most severely felt by the society of which he was a most exemplary member, and approved minister. Thy friend,

JOHN P. PLANK.

REMARKABLE CONFESSION.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20, 1843.

I had expected to send you by this time, the proceedings at length of our *annual meeting at Norristown*; but as our secretaries, who have the matter in charge, have not yet got them quite ready, they will have to be delayed till your next number. I may say, however, what you have doubtless already heard, that our meeting was an excellent one. It was large, spirited, and of one mind. Much of the speaking was very fine, and some of it of the highest order; and the effect of our whole proceedings, both upon friends and opponents, was evidently most happy.

There was one passage in our discussions that was particularly rich. A Presbyterian minister, who is settled in Norristown, undertook to speak upon a resolution under debate, one clause of which asserted that ministers and other public teachers who were silent on the question of abolition, were actuated by selfish motives. He objected to this clause, affirming that ministers might, without being governed by selfishness, in some circumstances, keep entirely silent on this topic. He gave himself as an illustration. He was in sentiment an abolitionist; he had joined an anti-slavery society many years ago, and for aught he knew, was still a member. But situated as he now was, he did not think it advisable for him to introduce the subject into his pulpit. If he did, he would be called a political leader; his people were hostile to abolition, and would not bear its discussion in the pulpit. *He believed a minister ought not to preach doctrines contrary to the wishes of the people who called him.* He was once settled in a place where many or most of the congregation were anti-slavery. There he felt free to preach upon the subject. But here the circumstances were different; and to introduce the question into the pulpit, would be but to *break his own neck*, and do no one else any good. And he again affirmed the position, that a minister was bound to preach such doctrines as the people wished who called him.

This was certainly one of the most frank and ingenuous speeches I ever heard from a clergyman. I had long supposed that a large majority of the profession acted on this principle; but I never before heard it distinctly and openly avowed. As you may suppose, it created quite a sensation in the audience, and did more than all the society put together could have done, to open the eyes of the people to the governing principles of most of the clergy, and the obstacles which their principles must necessarily oppose to the anti-slavery cause. I wish you and all your readers could have heard the speeches of Samuel Aaron, Thomas Earle, C. C. Burleigh, and Lucretia Mott, in reply. They were really withering. For the sake of the man's feelings, I could have wished them a little less severe; though for his real good, and for the sake of the truth and of the cause, I would not have had them in any respect different. The audience, too, while it pitied him, evidently acquiesced in the justice and propriety of all that was said. Poor man! he rushed upon the very evil he was so studious to avoid, and deliberately "broke his own neck" in his very efforts to avoid such a catastrophe. But I must refer you for a fuller account of this matter, to the report which was ordered to be made, and which I trust will be published, of the debates of the meeting.

Allow me while I have pen in hand, to correct an error into which you, as well as myself and many others, have been led, in regard to the part said to have been taken by the mayor of our city, in reference to the outrage on the First of August. Two members of our executive committee waited upon that officer to inquire from himself whether it was a fact, as stated in the daily papers, that the colored people were excluded from the meeting by his advice. He said it was *not* the fact; that he had given no such advice. He admitted, however, that on going to the spot that evening, he was very glad to find the house dark, and that there was to be no meeting; for, said he, if an attempt had been made to hold such a meeting as was contemplated, there would have been a mob that could not have been suppressed. He expressed himself also as clearly of the impression that the feeling of hostility in Philadelphia toward such meetings, much as this feeling might be deprecated, was so strong as to make it unsafe to attempt to hold them.—Now, of course, so long as the mayor entertains and expresses this sentiment, so long will it be unsafe, *so far as his protection is concerned*, to hold anti-slavery meetings. The inevitable tendency of such an "impression" is to weaken his own energy as an officer, and to strengthen that of the mob.

In the course of the conversation, one of the persons remonstrated with him for allowing the most respectable papers to publish, without contradiction, that the meeting was prevented by his advice. He said he was entirely indifferent to what the papers stated. But it was urged that not only on his own account, but for the sake of the public weal, the impression ought not to be allowed to go abroad that the meeting was prevented by official authority. Still he professed entire indifference to what might be said in the newspapers. Perhaps it ought to be noted that the papers which made these statements, did so for the most part, in a manner to imply approbation. Some persons have supposed that if the act had been *censured*, there would have been a prompt contradiction of the report.

Yours, truly, ME.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1843

GENERAL NOTICE.

The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are hereby notified that its energies are sadly depressed for want of funds necessary to pay its debts. How long shall we call in vain for the means of vigorous life? Let each subscriber forward his subscription to the Standard IMMEDIATELY. *Let all the friends of the Society who can spare a donation, no matter how small, remit it without delay. We call urgently and loudly, for relief—relief!!*

WHERE WE ARE.

In the beginning, abolitionists thought only of abolishing slavery. With one heart and mind they united for the accomplishment of that object. They aimed not to create or increase a sect or party; nor to promote any narrow, selfish, or temporary interest. There was no envy, jealousy, or fear of one another. None balanced whether he should work with all men, and with all his might, for the common object of all. Each did in freedom and with zeal whatever work he found to do. None wearied of his task, or vaunted his sacrifices, or carped at his coadjutors. We were few, but we were felt, because we pulled one way. The people, while they sorely tried us, were edified at the temper of the steel, and many who were sceptical of human disinterestedness, and therefore hopeless of the human race, had the grace to regret that our plan *was* but a pleasant vision. This auspicious progress was interrupted by the attempts of some to subject the opinions and the action of their brethren to tests of their own contrivance. They sought, by astute interpretations, to narrow our platform, and to monopolize anti-slavery truth, not reflecting that truth monopolized is error, as light when confined, becomes darkness. Such schemes, conceived in the very spirit of slaveholding, and revived from time to time in varying forms, it was the duty and the privilege of primitive abolitionists to meet and resist, "with hearts of controversy." It was not that they loved harmony less, but that they loved truth, the soul of harmony, more. Let us endeavor to put a finger upon the precise source of these discords. It was an attempt to wield prejudice against free inquiry, to control the operations of mind by the mechanical power of organization; to trammel up thought, lest in its free range it should hit institutions, and jostle down dogmas hitherto deemed sacred. These attempts were probably made with good motives. The Inquisition originated in the best of motives.

Conservative abolitionists had an undoubted right to disclaim any views falsely imputed to them, or to the society, which they represented. They did so; and had they stopped there, all would have been well. They issued a declaration that they did not endorse the opinions of Henry C. Wright, on non-resistance, and the legitimacy of human governments. If this was done to arrest the propagation or check the progress of those opinions, it was wrong, and a palpable abuse of organized action, and of their delegated power; inasmuch as the Executive Committee was constituted the organ of the anti-slavery association for the purpose of promoting abolition, and warring against slavery; and not to set as an inquisition to determine the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of anybody's opinions on any other subject. The disclaimer of views falsely imputed to the society, was right; first, as a simple homage to truth—and secondly, to enable the public to understand clearly what they encouraged, when they gave their money to anti-slavery, and what they embraced when they subscribed their names. When, however, the "lords brethren" went so far as to deal in excommunications, and to employ the power and the press of the whole anti-slavery association for proscribing a part, denying them at the same time the common privilege of being heard through that press, and before the whole tribunal from which judgment against them was demanded, those *brethren* manifested a spirit, to which we should hesitate to entrust the physical power that enacted the tragedies of Rome, Constance, and *Geneva*. This spirit was the true cause of the schism which rent our original society in twain, shook the confidence of the people in anti-slavery organization, and dried up, in a great measure, the wellsprings of benevolence which had opened, and were opening; for the relief of the slave. A majority of mankind, in any condition in which they have yet existed, do not investigate deeply the merits of the greatest controversies. They have not time for it, nor the means of minute analysis and comparison.—When they saw the abolitionists split into parties, both containing men hitherto considered wise and faithful friends of freedom, and heard their mutual denunciations, they knew not what to believe; and determined to suspend their co-operation with either, until "by their fruits" they should know which had the right. Thus it has happened, that while the amount of anti-slavery feeling and conviction has increased in this country more than tenfold, the contributions to both sections of the anti-slavery association have been less than half what they were when we were one, and the accession of new societies and new members has been null, and is no longer looked for. The schism, therefore, was a severe blow to the prosperity and power of anti-slavery organization. The strength and cement of voluntary organizations is the material means of carrying out the conceptions of individuals. If these means are delayed, organization is troubled; if withdrawn, it dies.

The greatest mischief wrought by "the regulators" of opinion, the compellers of conformity, was not the impairing of public confidence in us all, and drying up the sources of vitality to both organizations. There has been another consequence, much more serious.

The New Organization had gone off on the avowed ground that they could not, scripturally and conscientiously, remain in an association where women were deemed to be "persons," and to have a voice.—This will soon seem as wonderful as the witch delusion. With this, and with no other distinctive and avowed principle, did New Organization start. They soon saw that they could make nothing of it; and that as a party, they must expire under general odium, "for their false clamor," unless "they got up a new issue." This they did, by voting that they were "*the* liberty party," and nominating themselves for all the great offices in the country. This Liberty Party is not, therefore, a form of political action, emanating from principle, but arising from the necessity of their position. The party came into existence not for the sake of the principle, but the principle for the sake of the party. It is nothing genuine—it is artificial, factitious; in short, it is a sham. It has hatched a whole brood of shams. The most notable of these is the dogma that an abolitionist cannot, without betraying the bleeding slave, retain a connection with either of the political parties, but is bound to COME OUT from them. This is a cunning device for driving men into their own ranks. But to make the operation doubly sure, and render escape from their toils impossible, a subsidiary sham was wanted. This was supplied by the sudden discovery that it is the bounden duty of every abolitionist to go to the polls, at all elections, and put in his vote. Thus, out of the sin of voting with either of the great parties, and the sin of not voting at all, they have made up scarecrows enough to turn all the terrified sinners in the country from their old accomplices to the third party.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, the original organization, saw that these were mere pretenses, got up to get money and gain adherents; and this they proceeded to demonstrate, by applying the following test: "If (said they) it be a sin to remain in connection with political parties on account of their pro-slavery character and measures, much more is it sin to remain, as you are doing, in churches which write on their brow "Holiness to the Lord," and yet fellowship slavery, "the sum of all villanies," and invite it into their pulpits—churches which your own political chief has shown to be "The bulwark of American slavery." This is perfectly unanswerable as an argument to third party politicians, who remain in connection with pro-slavery churches, but it is applicable to no other class. It ought to drive *them* out of those churches, or out of their party; or they ought to be set down as men who are insincere, and have sinister purposes. Honest and well-meaning men cannot be inconsistent. We do not assert that there are no honest men, or that there are not sincere abolitionists in the Liberty Party. We know, as certainly as we can know anything of the hearts of men, that there are such. There were always pious and benevolent Jesuits; but this did not rescue the character of the sect.

The old abolitionists did not succeed in shaming New Organization into consistency, but they did succeed in subjecting themselves to the tyranny of shams. As they called upon their opponents "to come out" of the pro-slavery churches, as well as the pro-slavery parties, some of them imagined that they themselves could in consistency do no less than come out *of both*; whereas, the argument against the consistency and sincerity of the politico-abolition party stood in all its force as against *them*, without our giving into their original sham, or into that with which, for the sake of argument merely, we had matched it. Some of our friends, however, thought otherwise, and acted accordingly. We bring no impeachment against them on that account, knowing that they thought and acted for what they believed to be the best. But we do affirm as a historical fact, most instructive and important in itself, that from this snarl of shams COME-OUTER-ISM had its birth. Third party was its real father, though they deny the paternity, and have refused it aliment.

We are far from saying or believing that it is never right for an abolitionist to dissolve his connection with political or ecclesiastical bodies which are found or supposed to be incorrigibly wedded to slavery. It may be very proper for those who are brought by inward convictions and outward circumstances to the conclusion that they can do most good by coming out, and setting forth the causes of their separation; but as a system of organized action, as a test to be applied to all, it is just as foreign from our constitution, just as offensive to individual freedom, just as destructive to our platform, as the assumption that a non-resistant, or one in favor of women's rights, ought to come out from among those who sympathize and think with him on those subjects, before he can take the name, or perform the duties of an abolitionist. Some may say that the cases are not parallel, inasmuch as in the one, the renunciation would be of that which the renouncer deems true and good; but in the other, of that which is acknowledged by all abolitionists to be false and evil. We believe the distinction to be well founded, and that all enlightened and true abolitionists admit it; still we say that there are multitudes of such abolitionists, who believe that churches may be made better, and that it is their mission to make them so; and they do not think it expedient or right to take away missionaries from ground where there is need of sending more. Then as to political parties; they do not think it creditable to New Organization to be less wise than a *woman*, and to be taking the leaven out of a heap of dough-faces, when they ought to be putting it in, if it were not there. For ourselves, we must say that we think the doctrine of repudiating all connection with those bodies from which our *converts* are to be made, and have been made, by whose accession to our ranks the great victory we hope for is to be achieved, however proper and useful it may be for individuals in particular circumstances and states of mind, is erroneous, as a principle of organized action, a departure from primitive abolitionism, a narrowing of the platform, an infringement of freedom, as unjust and schismatical when attempted to be imposed on the anti-slavery body by any number of its members, as it would be if that body assumed to interdict it to those individuals who see their way clear to embrace it. "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled *again* with the yoke of bondage."

The honorable and venerable Seth Sprague has seen fit to renounce his connection with the Methodist Episcopal church for its pro-slavery corruption, and its recreancy to the requirements of its own discipline; and he has published an admirable exposition of his reasons for so doing. We doubt not that he has thereby done great good, whether more or less than he would have done by maintaining his connection, and exerting his great power to convince and convert his late church brethren, is known unto the Allwise alone. Abolitionists differ in opinion upon this point. That it was right, however, for him, "being persuaded in his own mind," to act as he did, no man can doubt. But it would be just as lawful and reasonable to require him to go back as a penitent to that church, as it would be to require others to come out of theirs. This is a lesson we must learn, or there will be an end of all uniform, efficient, and general organized action. We may have organizations, as numerous as sects, as fruitful of controversy, and as powerless for good; but they would not have the confidence of the people; they would have no vitality, and no useful result.

From these observations, our position in respect to a variety of other reforms, some of which have been started since the Anti-Slavery Society came into existence, will be readily understood. In our associated capacity, we have, and can have, nothing to do with them, unless it be to declare our total disconnection from them. In ascending one height, other heights become visible. Every discovery in science, and every social improvement, leads *unavoidably* to the discernment of ulterior truth, and of new and distant moral elevations, which of course a desire

of no man that he should suut his eyes because she has sharpened his vision. The human mind once awakened to a keen sense of the misery and despair of large masses of our species, cannot choose what aspects of wrong, or modes of redress, it will discern, any more than the astronomer, who observes the heavens with a telescope, can choose what he will discover there. The Inquisition shuts him in a dungeon, because he finds a planet running against a dogma; but that does not arrest the planet in its course. As abolitionists, we make no more distinction on account of creed, than of color. Unitarianism, Calvinism, Catholicism, Deism, Judaism, Mahometanism, Atheism, Socialism, Fourierism, Foster-and-Beachism, are all equal, on the anti-slavery platform. Of course, as individuals, we have our opinions of all these things; but we have no right to intrude these opinions upon the abolition platform, any more than abolitionists have to require us to suppress them elsewhere. An individual has no right to use the time, the meetings, the newspapers, the funds, or the influence of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to propagate or recommend his views of any general or other particular reform, however interesting, desirable, and feasible, it may seem to him to be. If any one thinks with the Fourierists, that their scheme will abolish slavery of *every* kind, and is alone adequate to that end, let him join the Fourierists. If he thinks that putting an end to all violence will effect that result, and that non-resistance is the way to work out the problem, let him join the Non-resistants. Or if he believes that abstaining from slave labor produce will do it, let him so abstain, or join the Free Produce Association. His abolition character will not be blemished by any or all of these things, nor his rights as a member of our society destroyed or impaired. It is related that Charles V. when his attention was drawn by a meddling priest to a new case of heresy, and he was urged to bring back the heresiarch by the convincing method of fire and faggot to conformity, answered, "In God's name, let him set up his ladder, and go to Heaven in his own way." Let abolitionists work every one in his own way. In that though not the best, he will work the best. If any man thinks that it is his duty to deliver our heavenly message by interrupting, in the manner of George Fox, the regular exercises of religious societies in their own houses, let him do it. We will not interfere with him, unless it be to set ourselves, and those we represent, right before the public by a disclaimer in the same manner as we should do in respect to Socialism, Whigism, or egotism, if the calumnies of colonizationists, or what is more likely, of the Liberty Party, should render such disclaimer necessary. The life of old organized abolition is to be reached by destroying public confidence in our sincerity, and singleness of purpose. Our duty to the slaves, to the country, and to our own character, demands that we should not permit the ear of the public to be abused, to the paralyzing of the only direct moral agency now in existence for the rescue of our country from contempt, and our countrymen from chains.

We stick to the old landmarks. We mean not to surrender a particle of our own liberty, nor to trespass upon that of our associates, but only to fight (with weapons of heavenly temper) for the liberty of the slave. We have confidence in the general honesty and ultimate *righting* of human society; albeit it is necessary to cut away some of the old spars and rigging. We believe in the omnipotence of truth, and "the foolishness of preaching;" we believe in political action, and the power of the ballot-box: but we believe in it as a shadow which will follow the substance, but cannot be caught by running after it. We heartily approve of presenting respectful and well-considered interrogatories to the candidates of both political parties for important offices. These interrogatories, framed from year to year, represent happily the progress of the cause, and indicate objects of action; while the answers furnish precious materials for anti-slavery argument and reproof; and what is not less important, for slaveholding accusation. If old abolitionists could stand the sneers of New Organization a little while, and adhere manfully to their "catechising and scatteration," they would scatter slavery, and third party, too, to the four winds. In perfect consistency as we believe, with these general principles, we are in favor (if local causes do as they may require it) of making independent nominations, and sustaining them with the most determined energy; but never, if either of the parties offer a candidate who *will do our anti-slavery work*. It is clean work, work which any honest man, any sincere and independent democrat, or any high-minded whig may do, and which *every true patriot sooner or later must do*. This we would make the test: will they in Congress, or elsewhere, if elected, do our anti-slavery work? It will be for anti-slavery committees and individuals, in their interrogatories, *to lay out this work*.

Never were the people of any country more ripe for a good work. We have marked, with surprise and delight, during the few weeks that we have been in full communion with the press, the vast change which has taken place in public sentiment within five years. Then it was difficult to get an anti-slavery paragraph into any political or religious paper. We have ourselves run the gauntlet of the New-York presses in vain. Now, the Standard cannot contain a tithe of the anti-slavery matter poured out by what is called the pro-slavery press. "Now's the day, and now's the hour," if we only had the *men*. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

ANOTHER OF THE LORD'S FREEMEN GONE TO HIS REWARD.

We grieve to learn, by the communication of John P. Plank, that STEPHEN TREADWELL has gone from among us, to be heard no more. Of few can it be so truly said, that "he fought a good fight." Through much bitter experience, and severe conflict, he passed into the valley of humility, and drank from the fountain of everlasting peace. As a minister among Friends, he was one of the most eloquent and interesting we have ever heard. He did not busy himself merely with "a sham warfare against extinct devils;" he rebuked sin in the form it *now* takes, and charged upon his hearers their participancy in crime. The last conversation we had with him, was during the last Yearlymeeting, in New-York. He spoke with sorrow of the lukewarmness of modern Friends on the subject of slavery, and with righteous indignation of the proceedings against Charles Marriott and Isaac T. Hopper. He has of late been travelling extensively in New-York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and wherever he went, he spoke like a true prophet and apostle, rebuking the Society of Friends, for their worldly and pro-slavery spirit, and warning them that no individual or sect can continue to be alive except through obedience to the Divine will, shown in acts of justice, and mercy. His reproofs, though bold and faithful, were administered with Christian love; for the heart from which they emanated was a stranger to wrath and bitterness.

We have been informed that he visited Charles Marriott at Hudson, and was much affected by the dangerous illness of that excellent and much beloved Friend. He never expected to hear his voice again in this world, but promised, if the Lord willed, to return in season to attend his funeral. That very day he was called to his Father's mansion. We rejoice to hear that the crisis in Charles Marriott's disease has passed, and that he is likely to be restored to his family and friends. Mysterious are the ways of Providence!

THE NEW-YORK LETTERS, BY L. M. C.

These have been collected into a neat, strong volume of 276 pages, and are now for sale.

It was originally intended to embellish them with an engraving, and add considerable unpublished matter; but it was found that the volume would be much larger than anticipated, and instead of additions, it was deemed necessary to omit a few of the more inferior letters, temporary and local in their character. The whole have been carefully corrected, in some places abridged, and in others enlarged. The engraving was given up, from the author's fear of incurring debt, and the wish to afford the volume as low as possible. Retail price 75 cents. For sale by James Monroe, & Co. Washington street, Boston; Charles S. Francis, 252 Broadway, New-York; our office, 143 Nassau street; and J. M. McKim, 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC FOR 1844.

The Almanac for 1844, will be published, and ready for delivery, in the early part of September. Price, $25 per thousand; $3 per hundred, and 6 cents for a single copy.

Orders are requested to be forwarded without delay.

☞ The three dollars from Mrs. Luther Parks, of Boston, would have been acknowledged months ago, but by accident the *name* was not sent, and we had some difficulty in ascertaining whence the money came.

The publisher of the Herald of Freedom is requested to send his paper one year to "Abner Haines, New London Cross Roads, Chester co. Pa." and charge the same to C. C. Burleigh.

Francis Wright, of Utica, will please send the letter for Abby Kelley, addressed to his care some days since, *to Waterloo, New-York*, her post-office address till October. The Liberator will please insert this last clause.

Anti-Slavery Items.

A respected correspondent, in Baltimore, writes under a recent date, and communicates the following fact:

"A few evenings ago, while a colored man, named Thomas Lucas, was returning to his home after his day's work was over, a slaveholder from the eastern shore, aided by a police officer, seized him and locked him up for the night. The next morning his wife went in search of him, not suspecting the cause of his detention. She was incidentally directed to the steamboat Maryland, then lying at one of the wharves. After waiting some time, a hack drove up, and her husband, handcuffed, was taken out, and put on board the boat, bound for Easton. There was no help for the poor woman. She was compelled to be a silent spectator of the infernal act, which deprived her, perhaps forever, of the first object of her affections.

"The pretext for this outrage was, that the estate to which the man formerly belonged, the owner of which had liberated him several years before, was now *insolvent*; although, at the time of his liberation, as was testified by the son of his late master, it was entirely solvent!

"An investigation was to be instituted by some humane persons in Baltimore, but the slaveholder having nine points of the law in his favor, the result would probably consign his victim to hopeless bondage, and final separation from his family."

NEGROES ABSCONDED.—On Tuesday morning last, our city was thrown into a state of unusual excitement, by an announcement that the negroes composing the crew of the United States transport schooner, Walter M. had absconded the night previous. It was ascertained that they had taken the schooner's boat, compass, and spy-glass, a quantity of bread, pork, and water. In the afternoon, the Walter M.'s boat was found near Fishe's Island, about two miles south of the city, and towards night a large whale boat belonging to the pilots, which had been hauled up and repaired, was missing. It appeared, beyond a doubt, that the runaways had stolen the boat, and put to sea for a long voyage, and it is presumed with the intention of making some of the Bahama islands, of which one of the negroes is a native. Besides the crew, three other negroes have gone with them—Among them the notorious Andrew, who made some noise in the beginning of our Indian troubles. Two of the negroes belonged to W. H. Williams, Esq. one to General Hernandez, one to Jacob Mickler, one to Miss Ashe, one to Colonel Gue, and one to Colonel J. M. Fontaine, of this city. With one or two exceptions, they were thought to be the most faithful negroes, and stood high in the estimation of their owners.—*St. Augustine News.*

Subsequently it has been found, that the above-mentioned "fugitives from injustice" did not succeed in crossing to the West Indies, but are still on the coast of Florida. Hot pursuit was made. God save them!

BERMUDA.—We have received Hamilton papers to the 8th inst. They are almost barren of news. The ninth anniversary of the emancipation from slavery of the colored population throughout the western portion of the British dominions, was celebrated in the Bermudas on the first of August, in a manner becoming the recipients of this blessing. In most of the churches in the colony, divine service was performed at the request of the colored people, and in the afternoon many of them in Hamilton dined together. The day passed off in a manner highly creditable.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

By the Hibernia, arrived 19th instant.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The disturbance among the *Rebeccaites* in Wales, continued, as did the agitation in Ireland. The military force now assembled there amounts to 35,000 men.

The Hibernia went out in her last trip in 11 days.

The iron steamer Great Britain, was launched at Bristol on the 19th ultimo, in the presence of Prince Albert, the Prussian and American ambassadors, and a number of the English nobility.

The *Pegasus*, a steamer plying between Leith and Hull, was lost by running upon a rock, and upwards of 50 persons perished.

There are at this time constructing in Liverpool 16 or 17 vessels of iron, but not one new ship of wood is building on the stocks.

The speed of a new iron steamer on the Thames, called "The Prince of Wales," is said to be seventeen miles an hour.

The news of the loss of the Columbia, and the safety of all her passengers, reached Liverpool July 20, by the brig Themis, from the Bay of Fundy. The Margaret with the passengers, arrived on the following day, when the particulars of the loss were first received.

The passengers had presented a handsome piece of plate to the captain of the Columbia.

On the 19th according to previous announcement, the launch of the iron steamer, Great Britain, took place at Bristol. She was floated from the dock in which she was built, and as she passed slowly and majestically out, Prince Albert, amid the acclamations of vast multitudes, broke a bottle of wine upon her bow, and christened her the Great Britain.

The Rev. *Theobald Mathew*, on account of a dispensation from the pope to move about according to inclination, unrestricted by episcopal interference or control, arrived in Manchester last week. He has been employed upwards of nine hours a day administering the pledge of total abstinence. Up to Saturday evening, 18,000 persons took the pledge. On Sunday, it was administered to 30,000, and on Monday and Tuesday to 32,000 making in all a total of 80,000 pledged teetotallers in Manchester. Of these there are 4,500 infants, 3,000 of whom belong to St. Patrick's district, a part of Manchester principally inhabited by the Irish. During his recent visit to Liverpool, the Rev. Theobald Mathew administered the pledge to upwards of 30,000 persons. After his journey to Manchester, the reverend gentleman returned to Liverpool, where he increased the number of teetotalers to nearly 60,000. He has since paid a visit to the metropolis, privately, for the purpose of making arrangements to carry out more effectually hereafter his plans; and next year he intends, it is said, to visit the United States.

There has been an extraordinary demand for *Dr. Pusey's* sermon. Upwards of 3,000 copies have been sent to Ireland. Two editions of 6,000 each, have been printed; and a third edition, it is expected, is just about to issue.

A correspondent of the Sun calculates that out of 12,000 clergymen belonging to the established Church of 9,000 are rank Puseyites.

The dowager, Lady Byron (widow of the poet) is now residing at her seat, Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, in a far better state of health than her ladyship has enjoyed for some time past.

The times asserts that a person named Loose has proposed the formation of an iron balloon of 2,122 tons weight, forming an entire shell of wrought iron, which, having the air exhausted from it, would rise from the earth with the rapidity of an arrow!

A parliamentary return just published shows that the sums paid, or to be paid, on account of the war with China, amount to £2,879,873, of which sum £804,964 are required to be voted in 1843-4, as balance due to the East India Company.

In cotton the stock on hand was enormous, amounting to near 1,000,000 bales, and exceeding by 300,000 bales the quantity held at the same time last year.

It is now generally stated, says the Globe, echoed by The Times, that the houses of parliament will not be prorogued until the last week in August.

British Parliament.—A fight—one of the most spirited of the season—took place in the house of commons on the 27th. The principal combatants were Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lords Palmerston, and Stanley. The attack was commenced by Lord John, in a bitter and sarcastic vein, who reviewed the difficulties of ministers and their position; sneered at the measures they had been obliged to abandon, in consequence of the hostility out of doors, and in despite of the powerful majority at their back; spoke of their financial embarrassments, as contrasted with their superior tact for which they gave themselves credit in such matters when in opposition; dwelt pointedly upon their difficulties in Ireland, and counselled them to wiser and better proceedings. Sir Robert Peel's reply, like everything that falls from him, was able, but it wanted the freshness and vigor of his more successful efforts; he did not parry the thrusts of his assailant with the pointed dexterity with which they were made, and he seemed oppressed with his position. In all the requisites of a mere party speech, the happiest effort of the evening was Lord Palmerston's. He spoke contemptuously of ministers and their policy, in its domestic, foreign, and commercial phases, and predicted their early downfall. Lord Stanley, in a vigorous reply, terminated the interest of the discussion. The debate, confined as it was to the four ablest men in the house, as well as to the most accomplished and powerful speakers, has necessarily excited much interest, and the partisans of both parties are loud in praise of the efforts of their respective favorites. The debate presents the case of the ins and outs for two years. Its perusal will remind many of the Scotch member's declaration—"I have heard many speeches," said he, "which changed my *opinion*, but never one which changed my *vote*."

Irish Repeal.—A great repeal demonstration took place at Tuam on the 21st of July. The following is from O'Connell's speech.

Mr. O'Connell found great fault with the conduct of the people at Ahascragh, a small village, who had broken the law by storming and injuring the policemen, one of whom had taken down a triumphal arch. If wrong, the law was open to them, and he promised them that they should not want its protection. But the traitors of Ahascragh, instead of resorting to it, violated at the same time the very first principle of the repeal association, which required that there should be no tumult, no rioting, and no violence of any description. He felt so strongly on the subject that he would blot Ahascragh from the map of Ireland, refused to allow a single one of its inhabitants to be enrolled upon the books of the association, and have them held up to the detestation of the people of Ireland, for having violated the great and beautiful principle of moral force. If it were fitting to resort to force, he would tell them, and they would all turn out together; but as it is not fitting, and as the law was predominant, he must declare his determination of erasing from the books of the association the name of every man connected with the riot in Ahascragh. See, on the other hand, what would be done in the case of the man who shouted "Hurrah for O'Connell!" at Headford, and who, when one of Mr. St. George's myrmidons knocked him down for that foolish, but certainly harmless cry, behaved himself like M'Namara of Clare, and declined to return the blow. He promised them that that man should have the protection of the law, and the benefit of counsel. (Hear, hear.) Mr. O'Connell then enumerated the advantages of repeal, not forgetting to intimate that the first step of the Irish parliament would be to abolish the present poor-law, and to appropriate the £800,000 now derived from the church temporalities to the support of the poor, and the establishing of hospitals and houses of refuge, putting an end at once to the poor houses. Give him repeal and the annual drain of £9,000,000 would be spent at home, while the laborer, instead of looking for employment, would be sought after. (Hear, hear.)

At the weekly repeal meeting at Dublin, Mr. O'Connell begged to make the following report:

Loyal National Repeal Association, Corn Exchange Rooms, Dublin, 2th July, 1843.

An account of all moneys paid into the national repeal treasury, for the quarter ending 4th July, 1842, and the corresponding quarter ending 3d July, 1843:

	£	s.	d.
1842. Rec'd from 5th April to 4th July, inclusive,	999	9	7
1843. Rec'd from 4th April to 3d July, inclusive,	15,798	11	3
Increase on the quarter,	£14,799	1	8

By order, T. M. RAY, Sec'y.

On Saturday next, £10,000 of that would be funded, and he would hand the scrip to Mr. Ray for £10,000. (Hear.) £1,000 had already been paid toward the building of the new hall; and there were other expenses.

Mr. O'Connell read letters enclosing the following sums: £20 from New Brunswick, £30 from New-York, £100 from Providence, and £100 from Albany.

It was announced that the repeal rent for the week, amounted to £2,198 19s. 6 1-2 d.

FRANCE.

The Belle Poule, with Prince de Joinville and his Brazilian bride on board, arrived at Brest on the 15th ultimo, a previous report to that effect having been false. The vessel had been detained by contrary winds.—The session of the Chambers closed on the 24th ultimo, when the royal decree of prorogation was read. Several of the ministers, and about one hundred of the deputies, were present. They were not expected to re-assemble until the 9th of January.

While Spain is troubled, the Queen-mother Christina, is busy in the French capital. She held a grand levee in the Hotel de Courcelles, on the 24th ultimo, her birthday. The king, queen, the Duke d'Aumale, the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, and Madame Adelaide successively visited the ex-regent, and M. Guizot and Marshal Soult presented their homage. "The Duke d'Aumale," observes the Commerce, "was most gracious to all the Spaniards present in the saloon of the mother of Isabel the Second, and even spoke to them in their own native language." The principal men of her adherents among the Spanish refugees, held a meeting in the palace, and, assuming the fall of Espartero to be certain, consulted as to the form of a provisional government, and Christina's re-entrance into Spain.

SPAIN.

The new revolution has come off in favor of the French party. Espartero has had to give way without fighting a battle, (which is well,) and fly to Portugal. He arrived there with a squadron of cavalry. Christina is now revenged; the enemy, the treacherous friend, is fallen; whether *she* will rise again is not so certain. In the manifestos of the insurgents, we have seen no mention of her, but only of her daughter, the young queen Isabel. While the municipality of Madrid were considering whether the city would surrender, the foreign ministers met, and a letter was proposed by the British minister, Mr. Ashton, to be signed by the diplomatic corps, and sent to the attacking general, Narvaez, chiefly concerning the safety of the queen. The diplomatic corps refused to sign it, whereupon the American minister, Washington Irving, prepared a substitute, which was signed by all except the British minister, and sent to the general. The insurgents entered Madrid on the 23d July, and defiled before her majesty. The Lopez ministry is said to be reinstated.

The duke of Baylen has been named provisional guardian of the queen.

This is the celebrated General Castanos, who may be considered the Wellington of Spain.

Cadiz had pronounced in favor of the revolution

MADRID, July 26.—The capital is tranquil. The ministry assembled to-day, and deliberations of the council lasted several hours. To convoke the cortes, or to form a central junta, such has been the subject of their deliberations. It is generally believed that the ministry will stop with the first of these measures.

Two Days Later.—London dates to August 5, by the Great Western contradict the intelligence that *Espartero* had fled to Portugal. It appears that he was still besieging Seville, unconscious of the events of Madrid, where the government had issued a decree subjecting him to confiscation of prosperty and banishment, if he bombarded Seville.

The letter of the diplomatic corps was to request the leaders of both sides to consign the queen to their hands till the contest was decided. Mr. Ashton, the British minister did, ultimately sign it.

ROME, JULY.—The events in Spain have by no means produced a favorable impression here, because it is certain that Espartero, quite recently, has made sincere promises to exert himself to the utmost for the purpose of restorting peace and good feeling between Spain and the Papel See, but by his fall, these hopes, of couse, would vanish.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

A letter from Constantinople of the 7th July, announces the termination of the Servian question. Prince Alexander Cara Georgewitch has been re-elected unanimously, and his ministers, Petroniewitch and Wutsheitch, whose banishment was so emphatically demanded by Russia, have been permitted to remain in Servia. The only results, therefore, of the Servian question have been, the humiliation of the Porte, and the establishment of Russian influence, and overthrow of British influence at the Porte.

INDIA.

LONDON, August 2.—The Bombay mail of the 19th of June, has arrived. The intelligence which it brings is of interest, and in particular relative to the state of the newly acquired province of Scinde. That most fertile district, which, under a good government, and properly cultivated, will become a garden, is now nearly pacified by the measures adopted by Sir Charles Napier, its present governor. He has made terms with most of the chiefs, and even Meer Shere Mahomed is stated to have offered to make his submission, provided he could have his private property secured to him. There is no doubt within a short time the complete pacification of the country will be effected. Sickness prevailed very much in the camp of Hyderabad. Several officers died. Sir Charles Napier had an attack of fever, but had recovered.

The navigation of the Indus from Kukker to Hyderabad was uninterrupted, and the camp of Hyderabad was abundantly supplied with food and ammunition, and every other necessary.

The ex-Ameers have been removed from Bombay to Sassoor, near Poonah. The most dangerous of them was a prisoner in the castle of Surat, where he was well guarded.

In the interior of India, tranquillity prevails. The disturbances at Gualior will, it is supposed, soon require the honorable company to take possession of the state formerly held by Scindiah, and which have latterly constituted the second power of the interior. In Bundlekund, the spirit of dissatisfaction is still at work, but there are active and intelligent officers at the head of the troops there.

Lord Ellenborough left Agra on the 30th of May, for Cawnpore and Allahabad, *en route* for Calcutta. Rumor asserts that strict orders had arrived from home ordering him to join his council.

CHINA.

The news from China is extremely scanty. Reports had been circulated of Sir Henry Pottinger's sickness, but they were regarded as exaggerations. He was said, according to the latest news of the beginning of May, to be waiting for the arrival of the new imperial commissioner, Ke Ying, who was expected at Canton about the beginning of June. The death of Captain Farmer, of her majesyt's ship Driver, was mentioned.

June 19, six o'clock.

A letter from Hong Kong has arrived, dated May 7. From it it appears that business was more active to the North. There were seven ships in the Yang-Tze-Kiang, selling openly, at Woosung, opium and British goods. They had been warned off by the authorities, but having persisted, they were allowed to continue their sales.

The Americans are busy in smuggling. Sir Henry Pottinger sought to stop that trade, but in vain. Captain Hope endeavored to detain some ships, but they were subsequently released.

Opium and British goods are selling at long prices at Shanghai. Gold is abundantly offered, but many are afraid to take it, lest it should be too much alloyed.

The French frigate Erigone is going to Nizon, in Cochin China, to demand satisfaction for the persecution of the French missionaries.

MEXICO—THE TEXAN PRISONERS.

A letter appears in the Washington Intelligencer, of Wednesday, giving an account of the escape of several of the Mier prisoners confined at the castle of Perote, in Mexico. It is dated the 4th of July, and appears to have been written by one of the captives:

"For several weeks we entertained bright hopes of liberation, having been assured by the United States minister at Mexico, and others high in authority, that we should be released on the 10th of June, which, we are told, is General Santa Anna's birthday, and which time has passed, as you will observe from the date of my letter; and more, all hope has fled. We have again resumed our accustomed feelings of indifference and despair, at least for the present. When we shall be liberated, is a question which can be answered alone by the President of Mexico. On last night, sixteen of the Texan prisoners, among whom is General Green, made their escape through the walls of the castle, which were supposed to be impregnable, having been erected more than seventy years, and regarded as one of the strongest fortifications in the world, and through which a passage had never before been effected. This may be regarded as an extraordinary achievement; the fortifications are generally strong, and their officers vigilant in the discharge of their duty. The escape produced great excitement. Having been allowed previously the privilege of the castle, with as many liberties as are usually extended towards prisoners, and some exempted from chains entirely, we were now all put into the prison we had previously occupied, chained two and two, and strongly guarded. A large number of cavalry were immediately dispatched in every direction, who have not yet returned. For a short time no small degree of excitement prevailed among ourselves, feeling naturally a warm solicitude for our companions in so daring and hazardous an undertaking, as well as for our own condition, not knowing the effect which might be produced upon the officers in charge relative to ourselves. The storm, however, is appeased, and we are now enjoying that delightful feeling which usually succeeds the tempest."

The arrival of the steamship Petrita, at New Orleans, on the 7th, confirms this account, as will be seen by the following extract from the Picayune:

"We are much pleased to find that several of the Perote prisoners have reached this city, in the Petrita.

"The following are the names of the prisoners who made their escape on the 2d of July, and have reached this city: General Thomas J. Green, Captain Charles K. Reese, D. Drake Henry, of Cincinnati, R. A. Barkley, of Tennessee, David S. Korngey, of North Carolina, and John Forrester."

[Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, in his reply to Mr. de Bocanegra, Secretary of Foreign affairs of Mexico, who had complained of the violation of our treaty with Mexico, of the law of nations, and our own laws, in suffering enlistments, and expeditions, to be made, and undertaken in the United States, against Mexico, said:—"Should they [citizens of the United States, making war against Mexico] return after entering into the service of a foreign State, still claiming to be citizens of the United States, it will be for the authorities of the United States government to determine how far they have violated the municipal law of this country, and what penalties they have incurred."

Will those authorities now determine these questions? The law says that, citizens of the United States, who have done what these have, shall be fined, not exceeding $1,000, and be imprisoned, not exceeding three years.]

The following are the names of those who escaped on the same day, and were re-captured; John Young, Truman B. Beck, of Indiana, David J. Davis, of Kentucky, Thomas Hancock, formerly a Santa Fé prisoner, Duncan C. Ogden, of New Orleans, J. Allen, Samuel Stone, of St. Louis, and Augustus Ely, a native of Germany.

Strong hopes are entertained that Santa Anna will signalize either the anniversary of the 16th or 17th of September—both national holidays—by the release of the Texan prisoners now confined in the republic. There is no doubt that he had resolved fully upon doing this on the 13th of June last, had he not just then received intelligence of the expedition against Santa Fé and Commodore Moore's movements.

Tobasco.—The Mexican Commodore Marin has arrived at Vera Cruz, with his fleet and army, after having stifled the revolt headed by General Sentmanat, at Tobasco.

The steamers Montezuma and Guadaloupe were, it is said, to proceed to New-York, for the purpose of undergoing repairs.

It was currently reported, and believed, in the city of Mexico, that the Mier prisoners will be released in the month of September next.

Santa Fé Traders.—The statement that the Mexican governor, Armijo and his followers, had fled precipitately back to Santa Fé, is confirmed by letters from Independence, dated the 4th instant. He did not return to the assistance of the company going out from Independence, but left them exposed to the rapacity of the Texan marauders, who, after their release by Captain Cooke, rallied again with their friends to the number of 180, and were determined to attack the traders. The Osage Indians had stolen some eight or ten mules from Lupton's men as they came in, but subsequently returned them, declaring they would hereafter obtain as much booty as they could.

A letter from Pawnee Rock, dated July 20, expresses the conviction that one company of the traders had fallen into the hands of the freebooters. The traders have, therefore, in all probability, met with this band of Texans and been plundered.

The St. Louis New Era, of the 11th instant, says: "A gentleman informs us of the fact, of which we were before ignorant, that *five* of the men belonging to Warfield's band of robbers had been captured in New Mexico, and shot by the authorities of the government."

General Items.

General Cass.—The Albany Patriot concludes an indignant article upon our hollow professions about the slave trade—of which, in fact, our government is the principal protector—and about our foreign squadron on the coast of Africa, as follows:

"In view of the atrociousness of this whole affair, could any one believe that there could be found a man in this Union, so void of principle as to be instrumental in bringing about such results? And yet we cannot resist the conclusion that General Cass, the principal instrument in the matter, had an eye to the presidency, and by doing as he did, hoped to obtain the southern vote! This, we say, we are forced to believe, notwithstanding our former favorable opinion of the man, as a statesman, and a scholar. Lord Brougham recently charged this design upon him, while discussing the subject in the house of parliament."

Legal Decision.—The high court of errors and appeals of Mississippi, have decided that a note, given for the purchase money of a negro brought into that State as merchandise, and for sale, is void, and of course not recoverable.

Flood.—On Monday night and Tuesday morning in this city and vicinity a deluge of rain came upon us the like of which was never seen by the oldest inhabitants. The cellars were in a greater part of the city filled; the streets became deep and rapid rivers. The damage is incalculable.

A correspondent of the New-York American, in allusion to the Hon. John Quincy Adams, remarks that it is sad to think that a man so gifted, so stored with knowledge, attained by unremitted study during a great portion of a century—an intellect so active, so lofty and sagacious—statesmanship so wise and courageous—must, in the order of nature, so soon cease to be; and adds: "I sincerely concur with the worthy captain of one of our steamboats, who said to me, the other day, 'Oh, that we could take the *engine* out of the old ADAMS, and put it into a new *hull*.'"

Mr. Adams.—A number of personal friends of Hon. John Quincy Adams enjoyed the pleasure of his society at a social picknick and fishing party at Cold Spring, Cohassett, on Thursday, the 17th. The venerable ex-President was, as usual, quite successful in the sport, of which he is extremely fond, and was never in better health or spirits. His conversational powers render such an occasion a rich, intellectual repast. In the evening, he met his friends in a social gathering at the house of a hospitable relative in Hingham.—*Boston Atlas.*

A mechanic, named Staats, and who resided in Boundbrook, New Jersey, while riding in the cars near Plainfield, on Saturday morning, was instantly killed by the rail running up through the bottom of the car, and thus pierced his throat, coming out at the back of the neck. The conductor, who was sitting beside the unfortunate man at the time, sprang out of the way uninjured. The rails on this road are flat, and should be fastened down similar to the Philadelphia road, by iron fastenings, instead of spikes. Had this been the case, the accident could not have occurred.

President Tyler and family returned to Washington in good health, on Saturday morning. The Madisonian requests office-seekers to send in their "documents," and refrain from personal boring.

The Washington Capitol says: "It is rumored that the Hon. Amos Kendall is to be postmaster general, and that the Hon. C. A. Wickliffe is to go out as minister to France."

More Depredations on the Frontier.—The St. Louis papers of the 10th, have letters from the Missouri borders, showing that the Indians, profiting by the example of the Texas marauding parties, have commenced robbing the whites, having stolen the horses of a trading caravan. The Texans, immediately after their release by Captain Cooke, rallied again and united with their friends, and at present number 180 strong; they are well armed, and prepared for almost any emergency.

REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS.

Kentucky.—*Willis Green, Henry Guder, *John White, W. P. Thomasson, *Garret Davis—Whigs.

*Linn Boyd, George A. Caldwell, James Stone, Richard French, J. W. Tibbatts—Democrats.

Indiana.—Robert Dale Owen, Thomas J. Henly, Thomas Smith, Wm. J. Brown, John W. Davis, John Pettit, Andrew Kennedy—Democrats.

Caleb B. Smith, E. W. McGaughey, Samuel C. Sample—Whigs. Three whigs, seven democrats and Van Buren men.

Alabama.—James Dellet, James E. Belser, *Dixon H. Lewis, *Wm. W. Payne, —— Armstrong, *Reuben Chapman, Felix G. McConnell—All democrats and Calhoun men, except Dellet.

North Carolina.—Thomas J. Clingman, D. M. Barringer, Edmund Deberry, Kenneth Rayner—Whigs.

David S. Reid, R. M. Saunders, James J. McKay, J. R. Daniel, A. H. Arrington—Democrats.

Illinois.—Robert Smith, John A. M'Clernand, Orlando B. Ficklin, John Wentworth, Stephen A. Douglass, —— Hoge, J. J. Hardin—All democrats, except Hardin.

Tennessee.—W. T. Senter, D. W. Dickenson, J. H. Peyton, Milton Brown—Whigs.

Aaron V. Brown, Cave Johnson—Democrats.

GOVERNORS.

Tennessee—Jones, whig.

Indiana—Whitcomb, democrat.

* Members of the last Congress.

ABOLITIONISTS, PAY YOUR DEBTS!

The Executive Committee of the American Society have adopted the ONE DOLLAR PLAN, for the special purpose of paying the debt, for which partial provision only was made at the late annual meeting.

The question is now to be answered—*Does the American Anti-Slavery Society number twenty-five hundred members, who are able to pay One Dollar each, for the payment of its debt?* If so, we shall soon be an honest society. If not, we shall soon cease to be a society at all. Our operations cannot be continued, if we cannot go upon the cash system.

Friends of the Society are requested to act as agents in their respective localities, and to collect without delay, as much as they can, and remit to the Treasurer.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged,		$33
34	Purley King, Danvers, Mass.	1
35	Rev. Samuel May, Leicester, Mass.	1
36	Sarah R. May, " "	1
37	Dr. Austin Flint, " "	1
38	Abraham Firth, Clapville, "	1
39	Eliza Firth, " "	1
40	Dr. Henry J. Bowditch, Boston,	1
41	Robert F. Walcott, (omitted) Boston,	1

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 8th mo. (Aug.) 19th, 1843.

Received for the Standard—The following persons have each paid $2: Moses Wells, Augusta, Me.; John G. Donnell, Gardiner, Me.; Caroline Orvis, Vergennes, Vt.; Hannah Morrison, Grandville, N. Y.; Oliver Gleason, Bethel, Vt.; J. Merrill, esq. Bradford, Vt.; Ann M. Langdon, Nantucket; Susan Paddock, do.; Mrs. Ann Todd, Boston; Anne Maria Whiting, (omitted,) Concord, Mass.

David C. Merritt, Salem, Mass. $22 50; Samuel Brooke, New Lisbon, Ohio, for sundry subscribers, $10; Nathan Law, Pomfret Landing, Ct. $1 67; Joshua Collins, Brooklyn, Ct. $1 67; Edwin Scarborough, do. $1 50; Abigail Rand, West Wrentham, Mass. $1 50; James Hardy, Hollis, N. H. $5; Mrs. Luther Parks, Boston, $3.

Donations.—A Friend, Millville, Columbia co. Pa. $2.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treasurer.*

NOTICES.

FAIR AT NORTHAMPTON, CAYUGA COUNTY.

To be held October 18th, 1843, the proceeds to be appropriated for the benefit of the fugitive slave.

Friends and lovers of humanity, particularly those in this and adjoining counties, come up to our help. Exercise all your ingenuity in furnishing articles for this Fair, especially articles of utility; which would find readier market here than those of fancy. Happiness being the sure effect of duty, and of dispensing happiness to others, we believe you cannot but do your whole duty in a matter of so much importance to the oppressed and downtrodden; And ye professed abolitionists, "who have the name, but not the power to live," arouse yourselves, shake off the yoke of apathy which binds you, and prove anew, that you are true champions of the slave. Every deserter from our ranks is another stone from beneath the structure, whose cement is philanthropy. Bear this in mind, and remember now is the time to resume your places, and act in behalf of the slave. Each and all, do not forget us because we are not in a large town, but recollect we need the more assistance from abroad. The post-office address is King's Ferry, Cayuga county.

CECELIA WEST, Secretary.

Committee.—Hannah Hutchinson, Clarissa Chadwick, Susan Hudson, Prudence Crocker, Mary Avery, Lucelia Kellogg.

☞ Papers friendly to the cause are requested to copy the above.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Connecticut American A. S. Society, held in Hartford, the 2d instant, it was voted that E. D. Hudson, Jas. Boyle, and C. M. Burleigh, be authorized to act as agents for the society the present year; and as such, the committee would recommend them as true friends of the slave, and eminently deserving the confidence and support of abolitionists throughout the State; and that they also be requested to collect funds for the purpose of advancing the cause in Connecticut. By order of Executive Committee.

E. B. CUNNINGHAM, Rec. Sec.

A CARD.

The subscriber proposes to establish a depository of *Anti-Slavery Books* in Chicago, as soon as arrangement can be made for that purpose.

Gentlemen who have on hand a quantity of anti-slavery publications which they wish to dispose of, can send a sufficient supply for this section of the country to the subscriber, to be sold on commission, and the money from the sale of the same will be remitted as often as desired.

Packages may be directed to Z. Eastman, care of Humphreys & Winslow, Chicago, Ill.

Z. EASTMAN.

July 27th, 1843.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS IN OHIO.

In conjunction with the American Anti-Slavery Society, the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will commence a series of conventions—

At Woodbury, Delaware county, on Friday, the 25th—two days.

At Green Plain, Clark county, on Wednesday, the 30th—two days. All of these, except the first, to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M. and to be attended by John A. Collins and George Bradburn, of Massachusetts; and Frederic Douglas, late of ——, in the land of human chattels, where he is still claimed as "property."

Let all who love liberty—who sympathize with the bondman in his degradation—be aroused to attend these conventions; and let every abolitionist resolve to take two of his pro-slavery neighbors with him to hear the gospel of liberty proclaimed.

On Monday, the 4th of September, the first anniversary of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will commence at 9 o'clock, A. M. in Liberty Hall, at

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standa

TRUTH.

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall ri[se again—
The eternal years of God are her[s."—Bryant.

Time with relentless har[d
The domes of ea[rth hath swept
And Art and Genir[th away,
The marc[hs long have wept
The proudest [of fell decay.
Upre[anes of ancient time,
No mark[ed by stream and wood—
W[ite marks the spot sublime,
Where once in pride they stood.

But the hills that heard the battle-shout
Of Sparta's chosen band—
The streams, whose answering peal rang out
And filled the broad, free land;
The plains where Persia's myriads fell,
The waves that beat the shore,
And every crag, or silent dell,
Still wears its form of yore.

The halls that stood by Delphi's steep
Have mouldered long ago;
The ivy waves, the wild vines creep,
The Cæsar's home below;
Yet still Parnassus, thunder-crowned,
Protects the Muses' home—
Still stand, amid the waste around,
The seven proud hills of Rome!

The false delusions of that age,
Passed, like its halls, away;
No trace in history's hoary page,
Remains to mark their sway.
The waves of War and wasting Time
Swept Falsehood from the earth,
Yet godlike Truth endured sublime,
Eternal from her birth.

And like the hills which grandly tower
Above the crumbling fanes,
She stands in pride and lofty power
O'er Error's dark remains;
Nor e'er can Time the glory mar
Which she undimmed doth keep:
It beams through Earth's wild storms afar,
A watch-tower by the deep.

Age after age, in ceaseless round,
Till Earth grows old and grey,
She still, in God's own lustre crowned,
Shall burn in quenchless ray;
When Error, blasted by the beam,
Shall mourn her triumphs done,
Then Truth shall reign with power supreme,
And Earth and Heaven be one!

J. B. TAYLOR.

Kennett Square, Chester co. Pa.

THE WATERS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Waters, gentle waters,
Beautiful in showers;
Ye help to wreathe the vines that breathe
A perfume through the bowers.
Ye feed the blade in lowland glade,
And nurse the mountain flowers.
Ye bathe creation's lovely face,
And keep it young in every grace;
Where'er ye fall ye cherish all
Most beautiful in beauty's train.
Then welcome, gentle waters,
In the soft sweet rain.

Waters, broad waters, how nobly ye swell
Round the huge coral reef and the nautilus shell;
Glory is shed on your ocean breast,
Heaving in fury and placid in rest.

Ye live far down in the sparry cave,
Where the sea-boy lies in his amber grave;
Ye braid the dank weeds with his hair,
And deck him with jewels pure and rare;
Ye keep the record of where and when
The brave ship sunk with her braver men:
Ye have treasures and secrets, and guard them well,
For no stores will ye give, and no word will ye tell.

Ye spread your waves on the rifted strand,
Where the white foam spangles the golden sand;
And ebb away with the deep perfume
Of the citron branch and orange bloom.
Ye dash where the gloomy pine-tree grows,
Where the northern tempest beats and blows;
The thunder may burst and the wolf-dog bay,
But ye will be louder and bolder than they.

Ages ago ye washed the feet
Of cities that sent ye a galley fleet;
Cities, and galleys, and people are gone,
But the great waters still roll on;
Kingdoms and empires flourish no more,
But ye still dwell by the desolate shore,
As fresh in your brightness, as strong in your flood,
As when the Immortal One "saw ye were good."

Waters, ye are fair
In the winding river,
Running here, and twining there,
While the waking twilight air
Stirs the spreading sails ye bear,
To a flapping shiver.

"Outward bound," the stripling one
Sighs to see the setting sun;
And shadows lengthen on his heart
As the rays that meet his gaze,
One by one depart.

"Outward bound," for many a year,
A dream comes o'er his brain;
He looks into the lucid wave,
Where he was wont to plunge and lave,
In waters cool and clear;
And wonders if the chance of time
Will bring him to his native clime,
And native stream again.
He leans against the vessel's side,
And the big burning tear
He cannot check, but fain would hide,
Has mingled with the river's tide.

Waters, ye are beautiful,
Take what form ye will;
Leaping in the yeasty billow,
Toying with the pensive willow,
Bearing the mast before the blast,
Or straws upon the rill.

Waters, ye are beautiful,
Howsoe'er ye come,
In sheets that pour with falling roar,
Or moisture on the purple plum.
Ye are free as aught can be,
Singing strains of liberty,
In bubbling spring and booming sea.

Waters, living waters,
Strew your pearls upon the sod,
And man needs no other beads
To count in memory of God.

LITTLE BO PEEP.

The following is a French version of the well-known nursery song, "Little Bo Peep has lost his Sheep."

Petit Bo Bouton,
A perdu ses moutons,
Et ne se sait pas qui les a pris;
O laisses-les tranquilles,
Ils viendront en ville,

Miscellany.

From the London Metropolitan.

A POOR RELATION.

BY ABBOT LEE.

The morning which succeeded that on which the Poor Relation had so exposed her vulgar poverty at Swan Vale, found its fair—no—its deep red mistress in sad state of nervous excitement. She burned with intense and indignant excitement to turn that abominable Miss Malapropos out of her hospitable doors; but then—if she only had been better behaved—if she only had been either less blundering or less mischievous—what an acquisition she would have proved, and what a good thing it would have been to have kept her in them!

Everybody declared that they never, no never, had spent such a delightful evening in the course of their lives. The oldest, who had so much to forget, and the youngest, who had so much to remember, all declared that Mrs. Mackillop's company that night was perfect cream. Never had they been so well amused, never so delightfully entertained, as at dear Mrs. Mackillop's. And then that dear queer piece of drollery, that Poor Relation, she was quite a treat in herself. It was so judicious of kind Mrs. Mackillop to bring such an original—so amusing—so simple—*such a character*—amongst them. In fact, it was perfectly true that the Poor Relation had made herself the lion of the party. What for wonder, and what for wantonness, she had been the observer of all observers. Her playing was that of a professor—she had guttrelled German with a Hamburgher, and lisped Italian with a Neapolitan; had sung duets with all the ladies, and danced quadrilles with all the gentlemen; and, in short, had fulfilled her promise of helping Mrs. Mackillop to entertain her company, both in the letter and the spirit.

"What a governess she would make for the children!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop; "but then what a nuisance she would be to myself! How splendidly she played, but then how provokingly she talked! German, Italian, and French, she had at her finger's ends—not your tongues that nobody can understand; French, that you must be told it is French; and German, that wants to be labeled; and Italian like English in disguise,—but the real genuine languages. All the true smack and flavor, like their own sausages, strong and unmistakable upon them. And then such playing—why they would hire her at the opera! and singing—I have her squalls ringing through my head now! Why, such a proficient in everything as she is, she might easily have a hundred a year as a governess; and if I could get her for nothing—or for some ten pounds or so—and perhaps her washing—why what a bargain it would be! But then, on the other hand, to be subjected to such a nuisance of a creeture! a thing that neither cares nor thinks what she says! a wild, harum-scarum, sort of gonemad person—a crack-brained affair, that *won't* hold her tongue, and *won't* be silenced; that *won't* take a wink, or hear an *aside*, or understand a frown—why, who would tolerate such an affronting absurdity! Still, if I could tame her, she would be very useful. If Rachel could play and sing in her style—there are many men, especially idle, rich men, who are caught by the ear; well, at any rate, I have got her for a week or two, and I must see if I cannot reduce her to useful order. If I find it impossible, I must of course contrive to affront her, and get rid of her—I should think I could easily do *that*."

Mrs. Mackillop having thus mentally arranged her line of tactics, proceeded at once to put her plans into execution. A certain innate perception that she was exceedingly likely to be worsted in a personal encounter of words with the Poor Relation, induced her, like many other cowardly people, to shrink out of first hand conflict with her, and consequently instead of speaking plainly, she commenced a system of manœuvring. Her first step was to order her own breakfast in her dressing-room, on the plea of indisposition, and the children's in the schoolroom, so that the Poor Relation might be drilled into knowing that Abernethy's chairs, weak tea, and the nursery, were to fall to her share; her second was to instruct her boys to ask for German lessons, merely by way of occupation, and the girls to request that she would be just so good as to help them in the pronunciation of a few French words, or assist them in translating a page or two of Italian;—then one was to ask her to develop a few new stitches of embroidery, and another to request a lesson in her pretty little Italian hand; but, above all, each of the girls was to extract a singing lesson, and a music lesson, to be as long as possible, and this without any fail, since it was most of all matter of importance; and when these few, and a dozen or two other trifling parts of the educational process had been gone through, and the children's nursery-dinner had been served, at which she was to be kindly made to preside, why then Rachel was to ask her to accompany them in their usual ramble, during which time Mrs. Mackillop would take her own meal in the dining-room; and so, by the dint of a little of that admirable management on which the lady piqued herself, the Poor Relation might be safely got through her first day's drilling as honorary governess, and by persevering in this line of discipline, she would afterwards know her own place. As for the evenings, Mrs. Mackillop thought it would be kind and liberal, and she liked to be kind and liberal, to allow her to come into the drawing-room; of course only if she could be taught to conduct herself properly, and of course to act as family-working-musician. Now, these laboring-players are verw useful articles of modern furniture. It is true, that though very few people really are fond of music, everybody thinks it incumbent upon them to pretend to be so, and whenever people are stupid in society, and neither rationally, intellectually, nor conversationably inclined, and the talking is more punctuated by full stops than exclamations, and interrogations, why then it is a capital thing to have a hard-working person to sit down to an instrument with never-tiring India-rubber fingers, and nerves made on the same principle of manufacture. A company can in such a case be as stupid as may be agreeable—or disagreeable—to themselves.

Well, things went on delightfully. The Poor Relation did take her breakfast in the schoolroom with the children, did guttrel out German with the boys, did squall out Italian with the girls, did elocutionize French with a fine nasal twang, did make the poor piano rumble out such sounds as it never rumbled out before, did walk out with the children; and, in fact, really performed all the hard work which Mrs. Mackillop had laid out for her, even to the lady's own unconscionable satisfaction. Every thing went on well. The system worked delightfully. The children had been in extraordinary good-humor, for the Poor Relation had been in such wonderful high spirits, had been so very witty and epigrammatic, and withal had seemed so mightily amused the whole day, laughing very merrily at every fresh requisition of her talents, yet complying so good-humoredly, that when evening came, the children seemed to think they had enjoyed quite a jubilee, and Mrs. Mackillop was more than ever encouraged to admit her into the drawing-room, seeing that she had behaved so very respectfully, and deserved some encouragement. It happened, too, that Mrs. Mackillop herself, was in very holiday humor, for 'squire Harrowby had dropped in *sans ceremonie*, apologizing for paying an evening visit instead of a morning one; and, in the elevation of her satisfaction, the lady of Swan Vale, had given him a *carte blanche* to come whenever he pleased, secretly opining that he came for something, and not for nothing, and that that something was her own daughter, pretty Rachel Mackillop.

So the lady was all smiles, like the sun, and the gentleman all shone upon; and she was the hand, and he was the glove, and the glove fitted so amazingly well, the lady talking, and the gentleman listening, that presently she began to require his sympathy, and call upon him for condolence in the case of her sufferings of the day before; a case which her own extraordinary kindness, and benevolence, and philanthrophy, and tenderness, and compassion, and generosity, had so entirely brought upon herself, inducing her to notice a sort of person so altogether—oh—ah—um.—Whereupon 'squire Harrowby echoed back, very sympathetically indeed, her own softly-modulated monosyllables—oh—ah—um being of course responsive feelings, as well as responsive sounds.

But in the midst of this colloquy, the subject which had given rise to it, walked in with pretty Rachel Mackillop.

"Oh, Miss Granger, you are the very person! have the goodness to sit down to the instrument; Mr. Harrowby wishes to hear you again."

"For Mr. Harrowby's pleasure, or for yours, ma'am?"

Mrs. Mackillop felt a little nervous. "Both," she rather hesitatingly uttered.

The Poor Relation walked straight to the instrument, sat deliberately down, ran her fingers over the keys with more masterly execution than ever, and then flew off with hot-speed into one of the most brilliant and effective of Rossini's elaborate works, embellishing as she went with a never-ceasing multitude of airy and graceful ornaments, in wild and endless variety, until suddenly, in the very middle of a bar, she started from the music stool and returned to Mrs. Mackillop.

"How? Why? What?" said Mrs. Mackillop. "Why have you broken off? Why don't you finish?"

"It is not in our bond—our bargain," said the Poor Relation. "Mr. Harrowby and myself have not chaffered and haggled over so much for so much. You told me to play for both—your half of my performance I have done to the letter—it is my duty to pay my debts—Mr. Harrowby had no claim upon me. *Rien pour rien.*"

Mr. Harrowby looked for the moment perfectly confounded.

"Perhaps, sir," said the Poor Relation, turning her really fine eyes full upon him—perhaps, sir, you may have lived your so many years in the world without having found out the axle on which the great wheel turns. The world, sir, has a school of its own—education for the poor. I have been brought up in that school—you have not; and in it they teach a lesson you have never been called upon to learn. It is the doctrine of compensation—something for something—nothing for nothing. In social life, the duty of the child for the protection of the parent—in commerce, money for goods—in society, courtesy for courtesy—'with pleasure,' for 'if you please.' Had you stretched your politeness so far as to say to me, 'play if you please,' I would have done it by the hour, and thought you had tendered me fair payment; but since you offer me not the coin of courtesy, we have no account between us, and I will not labor for nothing."

"Then you give no credit?" said Mr. Harrowby.

"Ready money only," replied the Poor Relation.

"Will you not open an account with me on the promise of being paid with interest—perhaps a hundred per cent?"

"You—you—you—what do you mean by insulting Mr. Harrowby?" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop, in great and generous indignation. "Do you think I will allow it—witness it?"

"My dear madam," said Mr. Harrowby, "I deserve Miss Granger's reproof. Suffer me to bear patiently what I have unquestionably provoked."

"Patience!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Mackillop—"patience! I have no patience! It would be ridiculous and mean to have patience with such a—"

"And now, madam," said the Poor Relation, turning her provoking eye on Mrs. Mackillop, "since there is an old adage which recommends short reckonings for the preservation of long friendships, perhaps it would be advisable for us to balance our accounts—and Mr. Harrowby may audit them."

"Accounts! Do you mean to say that I owe you anything?"

"Courtesy for courtesy—kindness for kindness—love for love. Let me see, how do we stand? Pretty evenly balanced are the items, I do believe. Mrs. Mackillop, through a life of toil and poverty, I have forborne to obtrude myself on my rich relations, and when your note was put into my hands, in my two-pair back room lodging in Soho, it was as unexpected as it was unsolicited. Nevertheless, fancying that it had sprung from some hidden impulse of latent kindness, I determined upon accepting it. It was not my necessities which made me do so—I confess it—it was the craving of my heart after something to love—and I fancied that the ties of relationship were not merely nominal. Mr. Harrowby was witness of my reception—a reception which proved at once that some other incentive than kindness was to be looked for as the motive for my invitation. Truth, however, is a sun that shines through all the murky clouds of hypocrisy, and by the time that splendid gentleman had reached his meridian to-day, I discovered the fact through all its films. You wish to put upon me the honor of governesship to your children."

Poor Mrs. Mackillop would have beeen utterly benumbed with confusion, if she had not been kept vitalized by rage.

"Well, ma'am, so much for the opening of our accounts; now for the details. Hester Granger debtor to Mrs. Mackillop"—and the Poor Relation counted the fingers of her right hand with her left, as she reckoned up the items. "A so-so reception—so much; returned on hand—nothing. Item, a dinner of odds and ends—so much. Item, no wine—nothing. Item, no obliging gentleman—nothing. Item, a cup of coffee from the bottom of the pot—so much. Item, breakfast in the morning. Sloppy tea, and bread and butter—so much. *Item*, dinner with the children, mutton and batter pudding. All perfectly correct ma'am, is it not?"

But Mrs. Mackillop had lost the power of utterance.

"Now on the other side"—and the Poor Relation reversed her reckoning, counting the fingers of her left hand with her right—"Mrs. Mackillop debter to Hester Granger. *Item*, amusing her company like a professional—so much. This morning, several lessons in German—so much. *Item*, three in Italian—so much. *Item*, a new dancing step—so much. *Item*, two lessons in Italian hand—so much. *Item*, five in French translation—so much. *Item*, two in embroidery—so much. *Item*, three hours in music—so much. *Item*, an hour and forty minutes singing—so much; with various other sundries. Now, Mrs. Mackillop, I beg to know whether you have anything to object to my statement?"

"I was never so treated!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop, in an ecstacy of rage and fear in her heart, and fire and water in her eye—"and that, too, when I was endeavoring to be so disinteresedly kind! But it's an ungrateful world—an ungrateful world!"

"Not so ungrateful as those persons like to believe, ma'am, who over estimate their own good actions, and consequently over expect their return. And as to your *disinterested kindness* to myself, ma'am, it is because I have ever preserved my independence to the fullest extent, throughout a life of privation, and that I will not here be looked upon as a poor dependent, tolerated out of charity, that I thus lay our mutual accounts before you, with this gentleman, your friend, as an auditor. Are we balanced madam? Have my services paid for the bread which I have eaten at your table? Have I earned the food of which I have partaken? Are we quits, and am I clear from any debt—even that of gratitude?"

Mrs. Mackillop was troubled with a few hysterical gurgles in the throat, but there not being any medical gentleman present, nobody knows where the matter would have stopped, had not Mr. Harrowby interfered.

"To begin with myself," said Mr. Harrowby, speaking in a soft voice, and trying the efficacy of a smile, "I confess myself a culprit. In the first instance it arose out of misconception, and if I forgot the duties of a gentleman—"

"It was because you thought you were not treating with a lady."

"If our account sheet were balanced before, you are now in my debt, on the score of that needless piece of severity, the more uncalled for, because I was in an act of submission."

"True," said the Poor Relation—"I admit it. I shall now in my turn, have to submit to some small-sized piece of insult or injury."

"In my debt still deeper, for supposing that I could begin my repentance by sinning again. But now, do you know, that I think you have overlooked a great—the greatest—heart-pleasure and benefit that both myself and Mrs. Mackillop offered to your acceptance."

"I confess myself puzzled to find it out," said the Poor Relation.

"The exercise of your own generosity," said Mr. Harrowby. "The commercial spirit in which you have opened your accounts, has certainly precluded that all giving and all forgiving liberality which we offered you of displaying."

The Poor Relation lifted up her rich large eyes to Mr. Harrowby's face.

"You may have been just—ought you not to have been generous?" said Mr. Harrowby, glancing at Mrs. Mackillop.

"O, mamma," said Rachel, "we have been so happy all the day, and cousin Hester has been so kind; and here I have brought you a petition, signed by every one of us, little Wilford's cross at the bottom of all, to be allowed to spend the evening with you and cousin Hester, in the drawing-room, and they are all waiting at the door for your answer. O mamma—O cousin Hester, that this should happen!"

"Dear girl," said the Poor Relation, a rush of feeling in her face—"dear girl, that one connecting word '*cousin*,' seems to bind me to you with links that I could not break if I would. Mrs. Mackillop, I will try to act a generous part. I had intended this evening visit to be my farewell one, but at this moment I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude, that I do not desire to cancel. You have called me into the midst of my relations; I needed something to love, and this day's unrestricted intercourse with your children has made me love them, and they love me. Mrs. Mackillop, I not only offer you my hand, but I am willing to remain here for some short time, even on your own terms. I will instruct your children in whatever accomplishments I may possess, but I will have neither stipend, nor the name of a stipendiary, and I will not be treated as if I were only to be endured on charitable sufferance. If you do not aggress, I will not retort; and on these terms you need not dread my mingling among your friends. And now, madam, is it a bargain?"

Mrs. Mackillop was too good a judge not to close with the offer; whereupon Rachel kissed first one, and then the other, and the children were all admitted, and came rushing in, and the Poor Relation got into marvelous good spirits, and she sang and played, and told riddles, and acted charades; and certainly never did the drawing-room of Swan Vale ring to more merry laughter; 'squire Harrowby the while making quite as good a child as the best of them. And so ended the Poor Relation's second evening in Swan Vale.

(To be concluded in our next.)

From the Lady's Book for August.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. S. C. HALL.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

I was strolling down the old Brompton road one pleasant evening last fall, and meeting a laboring man, I inquired if he knew the residence of Mrs. Hall. "Oh! yes," said he, with a tip of his hat; "go along this road till you come to a pretty little cottage, covered over with trees, with a green railing in front, and '*The Rosary*' on the brass plate; that is the place." With such a luminous direction, I could not well go astray; and in ten minutes I was giving a tweak at the bell-rope of this little "House Beautiful."

Having a commission from an American friend, I was shown into the snug parlor, where I found a group sitting around the fireside. Oh! those English firesides! I never can forget them. Of all the pleasant recollections of the old world, the most perfectly pleasant are those connected with the homes of England. If a stranger wishes to gather the most favorable impression of the English character, let him not go to the palace, or the parliament; to the court rooms, or the counting rooms; to the splendid mansions of the nobility, or the huts of the poor; let him rather see the refined and well-educated commoners, and those by their own quiet firesides. But to return from the digression. The most conspicuous figure of the group, of course, was the authoress; not *as* an authoress, however, but as the ladylike head of the family; for Mrs. Hall has too much sense to attempt any of that silly display of *lionism*, which is the sure mark of pedants and of fools. My reception was most cordial, and I found myself at once domesticated in the circle, enjoying "the full flow of London talk."

But how does she look? inquires some modest country lassie, who has set up until her bright eyes ached in reading "*Mary Ryan's Daughter.*" I will tell you, my jewel, so that when you get another precious morceau from beyond the water, you may have a perfect image of your benefactress. She is not a very large woman, nor indeed is she a very small one; and she has a bonny round figure. Her eyes are dark, and bright as your own; her forehead is exceedingly broad, and her hair is dark brown, dressed in the Grecian style. She has a complexion somewhat florid, and a nose slightly concave, which are the only marks she bears of her native land; she would not be an Irish lady without them.

I am no physiognomist, and never affected that superhuman knowledge of the character to be drawn from the shape of the mouth, the contour of the nose, or the arch of the brow; I only saw that she was *goodly to look upon*, and that was enough.—Her eyes, and her lips, too, spoke overflowing kindness; and that to me, young and a stranger, was far more than if they had displayed the fire of Shelley, or the lordly curl of Byron. I do not mean by this that her face is wanting in intelligence; far from it. I only mean that the learned trash often written about the personal appearance of the eminent, is to me eminently ridiculous.

The evening was passed in most delightful literary conversation. Mrs. Hall is a charming converser, easy and vivacious; she laughs frequently, and sometimes almost immoderately. And no wonder; for Mr. Hall is an exceedingly humorous man. He tells an Irish story admirably, and illustrates it with most irresistible gestures.

Mr. H. is a lawyer, but is known to the world as an accomplished literateur, and the author of several very attractive little pieces. He is at present engaged upon a new edition of old English ballads, and is also assisting his wife in the preparation of a magnificent work on Ireland—its scenery, character, &c.

Were it not for the gross impropriety, too often committed by the *Boy Jones* school of tourists, of blazoning the private conversation of distinguished individuals, I might relate many anecdotes of Mrs. Hall and her literary cotemporaries. But I know that she will pardon me for telling my lady friends how much I was interested in her description of *Miss Edgworth*,—her trim little figure,—her charming peculiarities,—her girlish, vivacious manner,—her attachment to her neighbors, and the successful diplomacy with which she settles all their quarrels. She told me too, of an evening, many long years ago, when a brilliant array of talent and beauty thronged her little parlor to greet the gifted and ill-fated *Miss Jewsbury* on her first entrée into London life; and how the blushing girl, from the adulation of a provincial town, wondered, in her childish simplicity, that all the wits and scholars that shone around her, did not fall down before the prodigy which had astonished the humbler wits of her native Manchester.

To give additional interest to these reminiscences, she took me into an adjoining room, whose walls were covered with pictures of the literati of this century. To me, who am no connoisseur in the fine arts, it was better than half the Louvre. The first that struck me on entering, was the soft, angelic face of L. E. L. the cherished friend of my hostess. Poor L. E. L.! Her star went down suddenly on a dark, foreign coast; and many a one who had rejoiced in its steady light, sought for it in vain, "with wondering and with tears." Close by, and in striking contrast, were the large, rolling eyes, comical mouth, and long, rakish hair of the inimitable *Boz*. Real gas burners, those eyes! One look from them is as overpowering as a shake of his brotherly hand.

Running your eyes over Mrs. Jamieson, Campbell, Moore, and Byron, you will spy the meek, fair, grandmother-like face of my dear friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, that lives up on Hampstead Hill.—There she lives, in her little brick cottage, the venerable survivor of the old school of authors.—Sir Walter and Coleridge are long since gone, and Southey is just gone, and there is no one to talk with of olden times, save when she enjoys an occasional visit from Wordsworth. But where is he? Look along the wall until you come to a long, melancholy face, with half-closed eyes, and scanty, white hair, falling gracefully on the shoulders, and you have the patriarch of Rydal. Here he is, looking just as he did that bright sunshiny morning, when he gave me his parting benediction before the door of his ivy-crowned cottage. It was worth a trip across the Atlantic, that "God bless you," from old William Wordsworth.

From this room we went into the *sanctum* of the authoress. It contains a well-arranged library, an antique cabinet of by-gone days, presented by a friend; and in one corner stood a little table, to which Mrs. H. pointed, and modestly said, "There I always write."

To that little table the Irish peasantry owe a debt as great as that which Scotland has already paid to the old arm-chair of Abbottsford, and the still humbler stool by the ingleside of Dumfries.

But my sheet is full, and I bid Mrs. Hall and my readers *good-night*, with the heart-felt assurance that if our gifted friend shall ever visit our shores, she will find so many bright eyes, and open hands, and warm hearts, that she will verily believe she is once more among the green hills of her native Wexford.

THE SLAVE TRADE REBUKED.

Mr. Weed is writing an interesting series of letters from Europe, to the Albany Evening Journal. We extract the following:

In a former letter, I spoke of Liverpool as having been extensively and profitably engaged in the slave trade. I have since ascertained that its sins, in this respect, were of the deepest and darkest hue. An extensive block of stores on the quay, erected by merchants engaged in the slave trade, took the name of the "Goree Piazza," which they still retain. George Frederick Cooke, the great tragedian, who came on the stage here in 1779, to play Richard the Third, having knelt too devoutly at the shrine of Bacchus, was loudly hissed, but after resolute efforts to hiss and pelt him off, finally obtained a hearing, and addressed the audience as follows:

"It is hard enough to submit to the degradation of such a profession as that in which I appear; but it is the lowest depth of disgrace to be compelled to play the buffoon for the amusement of a set of wretches, every stone of whose streets, every brick of whose houses, every block of whose docks, is grouted and cemented by the blood and marrow of the stolen and murdered African."

It is added, that the indignant and withering rebuke of a drunken play-actor was more effective in arousing the shame, or stinging the conscience of the Liverpool African merchants, than the appeals of Clarkson or Wilberforce.

This rebuke of the African merchants of Liverpool, reminds me of an incident that occurred at Mr. O'Connell's, in Dublin. While in the library waiting for Mr. O'Connell, we were struck with two links of an ugly-looking iron chain and broken manacle which hung in the room; after some speculations about the probability of its having been used by the government to enslave or oppress some of the patriots of 1798, Mr. O'Connell entered, and before we left, Bishop Hughes remarked to him that we were curious to know the history of that broken chain. "That chain," replied Mr. O'Connell, "reveals a sad history of cruelty to a stolen negro, from whose leg it was taken. I fear America is implicated, but of this I am not sure;" here he was interrupted by a committee, and we lost the remainder of his story.

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

Walking to Salisbury one day, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after, to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, that "if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast." Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "that the thought of what he had done, would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

IRISH REPEAL.

A gentleman writing from England to this country, refers to the movement of O'Connell and the Irish, and makes concerning it the following remarks:

"The most awkward circumstance of all for the government is, that they can find nothing to take hold of. The movement is perfectly constitutional and lawful. And throughout those immense assemblages, though excited to the very last degree, all is perfect order, and after the thundering harangue of the agitator, or as he is called in Ireland, the liberator, all retire quietly to their homes without a single riotous or unlawful act. This is simply the result of O'Connell's amazing influence over the strongest passion of his countrymen; for he constantly reminds them that ultimate success depends on their avoiding every violation of the law. As to the warlike preparations of the tory government, they laugh them to scorn, and it is a most unquestionable fact that the effect of these measures has been greatly to further the object which O'Connell seeks. Repeal principles are rapidly making way among all classes of Irishmen, and what is to be the end of the movement is a problem not easily solved at present."

THE REINDEER.

The speed of the reindeer is very considerable, and his power in supporting the fatigue of a long journey, very great. His pace, ascertained by an experiment over a short distance, is 19 miles an hour.—Remarkable anecdotes are told of the swiftness with which reindeer journeys have been performed. In one instance, in 1699, an officer, who carried the news of an invasion from the frontiers of Norway to Stockholm, went with a single reindeer and sledge, a distance of 840 miles in 48 hours—averaging seventeen and a half miles per hour. The faithful animal dropped down dead at the end of his journey. —*Licking Reg.*

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Use of Salt for Celery.—The Gardener's Chronicle recommends the use of salt as manure for celery, to be applied by watering the plants with weak brine. It says that the growth will be thereby greatly promoted. The experiment is worth trying, but care must be used not to apply too much; and as no exact directions are given, it must be settled by experiments.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Produce from Manures.—Experiments in Germany have led to the following conclusions:

If a given quantity of land, without any manure, yields three times the seed employed, then the same quantity of land will produce:

Five times the quantity sown, when manured with old herbage, putrid grass, or leaves, garden stuffs, &c.
Seven times, when manured with cow dung.
Nine times, with pigeon's dung.
Ten times, with horse dung.
Twelve times, with goat's or sheep's dung.
Fourteen times, with night soil or bullock's blood.

Preserving Eggs.—A Mr. Jayne, of Yorkshire, England, has obtained a patent for the following receipt: One bushel of quick lime, 32 ounces of salt, 8 ounces of cream of tartar.

Mix the salt together with as much water as will reduce the composition to a consistency, that an egg when put into it, will swim. It is said eggs have been kept in this way two years.

To stop a fit of Coughing.—A correspondent of the London Medical Gazette states, that to close the nostrils with the thumb and finger during respiration, leaving them free during inhalation, will relieve a fit of coughing in a short time.

When should Cornstalks be cut?—We used to commence cutting about the first of September. It is a nice question to answer, when is the best time? A few experiments have been made by cutting portions of a cornfield at different times, and from what we have seen we much incline to think that many farmers injure their corn by cutting their stalks too soon. We, as well as others, have tried the experiment of plucking off all suckers from the roots after the corn had grown high enough for setting the ears; and we found we injured the corn. Is it not reasonable to suppose that when the ear is filling it makes a draft on every part of the stalk, suckers and all? Corn may ripen, or rather become hard, sooner by early cutting than by late; and in the opinion of some, the stalks are worth more.—We hope to see more experiments made in this line, for a few trials are not sufficient to satisfy the public on this point.

The modern mode of cutting up the whole at the root as soon as the ears have begun to harden, deserves much attention. We have no doubt that the whole stover, taken together, is more valuable for fodder than when cut separately, in the usual mode. If the field will yield as much corn when cut early, and put in shocks by the field side, as when allowed to stand till October, we have an advantage; we can sow rye on the ground in better season; and if we wish to lay the land to grass, we can do it with safety during the first week in September.

If we knew how long we should be exempt from frosts we could calculate better when to cut up the corn. We usually expect frost here by the middle of September; we sometimes feel it severely by the tenth; though last year we had none in the whole of September. Will our friends let us know the results of the experiments they may try on cutting stalks; or on cutting up corn?—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Advantages of Science to Agriculture.—A report of the Wenlock Agricultural Club says, that a better instance of this cannot be adduced, than that of the celebrated French chemist, Lavoiser, who is said to have cultivated 240 acres of land in La Vandee, on chemical principles, in order to set a good example to the farmers; and so successful was his mode of culture, that he obtained a third more of crop than was procured by the usual method, and in nine years his annual produce was double.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortment of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail.
CHARLES WISE,
Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

JUST published, and for sale at 143 Nassau street, fourth part of "The Legion of Liberty:" being a remonstrance of some of the Free Men, States, and Presses, to the Texan Rebellion, against the laws of Nature and of Nations. Price 6 cts. single; 50 cts. per dozen.
July 13, 1843.

The "Liberty Bell," for 1843.

THE "LIBERTY BELL," FOR 1843, IS FOR SALE, AT 143 Nassau street,—Edited by Maria W. Chapman, and containing choice articles by some of the ablest men in the anti-slavery ranks. Also, a few packs of anti-slavery visiting cards, beautifully executed—very cheap.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Upright men shall be astonished at this, and the innocent shall stir up himself against the hypocrite.—*Job.* xvii. 8.

Abhor detraction, the sin of fallen angels, and the worst of fallen men.—*Wm. Penn.*

NARRATIVE of the Proceedings of the Monthly Meeting of New-York, and their Subsequent Confirmation by the Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, in the case of Isaac T. Hopper. Just published, and for sale at this office, No. 143 Nassau street, New-York; and at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

REMOVAL.

LYDIA WHITE has removed from 219 North Second street, to the Northwest corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, where she will continue to keep a general assortment of groceries, the product of free-labor, wholesale and retail.

Also, the dry goods manufactured by the American Free Produce Association.

Just received, fifty barrels prime Laguira sugar.
Philadelphia, Second month 2d, 1843.

Free Labor Dry Goods,

Manufactured by the American Free-Produce Association.

THE committee on manufactures have adopted a *minor scale of prices*, the average reduction of which is greater, and the plan deemed more convenient, than the proposed deduction of 10 per cent. from the old prices.

Arrangements have also been made to increase the quantity and variety, as well as to improve the quality, of free goods, under the assurance of more liberal encouragement, which we hope to realize.

Articles on hand—Good shirting and sheetings, bleached and unbleached; Manchester and coat ginghams, various qualities, patterns, and prices; apron and furniture check, do. do. do.; table diaper, (birdeye and buckaback,) bleached and brown; thin muslins for linings, brown, bleached, and colored; Canton flannel, brown and bleached; buff pantaloon stripes, fancy do. do. white and black wadding, stockings, half hose, lampwick, cotton yarn, of various numbers, cotton laps or bats, bed ticking, calico, towels, table covers, knitting cotton, &c.

We have also, dress cord, suspenders, garters, &c. &c. Terms cash. Articles wanted in reasonably large quantities may be made to order.

Orders from the country may be addressed to either of the committee—James Mott, No. 36 Church Alley; D. L. Miller, jr. 88 North Front street; Sarah H. Palmer, 33 North Fifth street; or to our wholesale agent, J. Miller McKim, 31 North Fifth street. Housekeepers are requested to call or send their orders to Lydia White, retail agent, corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 13, 1843.

☞ Papers friendly to the cause are requested to copy the above.

JOSHUA C. JENKINS

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public, that he has taken the old established

TEMPERANCE GROCERY STAND

of Baldwin & Colton, late J. F. Lukens & Co. *Nos.* 244 *and* 244 1-2 *Market street*, south side, above 7th, where he has on hand an extensive assortment of the choicest articles in the line, together with a stock of

FREE LABOR GROCERIES,

all which have been laid in at the lowest possible price for Cash, and will be furnished to families and storekeepers at a very small advance upon the first cost.
Philadelphia, May 4, 1843. 6m.

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For the four Reviews,	$8